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## LETTERS

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# PENTHOUSE LETTERS



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Cover Girl: November 2011 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Malena Morgan

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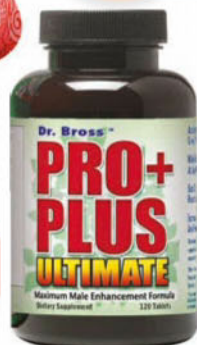
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# LETTERS

## ▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

### ❶ PUSSY RUN

**T**here she was! I watched the woman with the dark hair pass me on the wilderness trail, where I regularly went running. She moved with the lithe speed of a gazelle. Her tight butt flexed enticingly under her snug running shorts, and the sight made my mouth water and my pussy flutter.

I wanted her. I'd been out there watching especially for her, having seen her several times already that day. But she was so speedy, she'd gone right past me again, disappearing up the winding paths and in among the towering trees.

Just before she vanished, though, she looked back my way. I couldn't read her expression, but the tilt of her head told me she was aware of my presence behind her and didn't mind.

I put on more speed myself. I was in good shape, and on some days I thought I owned this trail, as I passed dilettante joggers and panting amateur hikers. On those days I felt the energy coursing through my toned body, like some kind of hypnotic drug. I liked the bounce of my tits under my sports bra and the pistoning of my strong legs. Running got the sweat flowing and the heart thumping.

It also got me aroused. Sometimes I would reach the top of the hill, where there was a huge grassy meadow, and find my pussy dripping and my nipples achingly stiff with desire.

I knew that was an associational reaction, linked to memories from when I'd been on the track team in college. There had been lots of hot ladies on the squad, and after our runs many of us would fool around in the locker room and showers. I remembered those dreamy, steamy days of getting fingered and sucked by those hot women—and doing the same back to them.

The big state park was, I'd found, a good place for chasing hot women. I'd picked up enough tasty tail on this very

trail, in fact, that I thought of it as the Pussy Run. If a woman could climb this hill all the way at full speed, then she would have lots of stamina in bed. I liked going pussy to pussy with someone who had some real sexual endurance. It made the experience a physically challenging—and satisfying—one.

But this dark-haired woman was becoming my obsession. I'd caught only glimpses of her face, but it was enough to tell she was damn pretty. And I'd feasted on the sight of her body from behind,

---

**“I WANTED TO  
JAM MY TONGUE  
DEEP INTO HER  
PUSSY AND LICK  
HER UNTIL  
SHE CAME.”**

---

staring longingly every time she'd put some distance between us. She was fine.

But now she'd done it again, blown by me! Frustration made my legs pump harder. I was going up the slope fast, but she was faster. Still, what about that look back she'd given me before she'd disappeared around a bend in the winding path? That look meant she wanted me, I told myself with a grin.

I decided to try something sneaky. I couldn't stomach the thought of running this trail all day without catching up to her. I knew this park well. There were lots of mostly unused side trails, some just deer paths. I ducked off the main track and went tearing into the trees.

The narrow path went straight up, none of the winding back and forth of the big trail. But the steepness was brutal. I attacked the footpath, low

branches slapping at my head as I ran. My footing slipped, but I kept going, really pouring it on.

The exertion had me sweating profusely and my blood pumping fiercely. But deep excitement touched me again. I recalled those all-girl college orgies after a strenuous run. My pussy dampened, and sexual energy crackled over my skin. I thought of the dark-haired woman, somewhere ahead. She would be switchbacking her way up the hill. If I could keep up this pace, I might be able to overtake her.

I let myself indulge in lascivious fantasies about her. I imagined that sprightly body spread naked before me. I wanted to squeeze her perky tits, grope that tight ass. I wanted to jam my tongue deep into her pussy and lick her until she came, gushing into my mouth.

Those fantasies were great motivation to keep climbing even when it became difficult. My eyes stung with sweat, and I had to bat aside the foliage. My muscles sang with the strain, but my pussy was raging with need. I went up and up.

Suddenly, I burst out onto the main trail again. Dazedly, I saw I was almost at the top of the hill. There was no one else around. I looked down the path for my dark-haired quarry.

Somebody whistled sharply, and I spun around, looking up the trail. There she stood! She was at the edge of the meadow, and this time she was definitely looking at me. She grinned. Then she turned, wagged her ass teasingly at me, and went running off again.

There was no mistaking the signal she was sending me.

With a raw growl, I pursued her. The trail continued through the meadow, then went down the far side of the hill. She was really picking up speed on the downslope. The idea crushed me. I had to catch up to her, even if just to make her turn me down face-to-face!

The broad meadow appeared empty, and a breeze rippled the long grass.



Panting, I staggered onward with desire still burning in me. From somewhere ahead, I heard an odd sound. I thought it was a bird at first, but then realized it was somebody giggling.

I strode forward and found the object of my affection lying in the grass. Her running clothes were balled on the ground, and her smooth sleek body was bare. She grinned up at me, her eyes sparkling. She had gorgeous tits, creamy mounds capped with rosy nips. Her abs were solid, and her hairless pussy gleamed invitingly.

My throat was too tight for words. Fortunately, none were needed. I hurriedly peeled the clothes off my sweat-slickened body, and she gazed hungrily at me. Shivering with desire, I knelt down near her. She grabbed my arms and pulled me on top of her.

Her body was firm, but her skin was satiny soft. I pressed my tits against hers as her arms wrapped around me, drawing me into a tighter embrace. I felt her hard nipples poking against my naked flesh as our smooth mounds touched, a precursor to our kiss.

I looked down at her face. She really was a beauty, and her eyes sparkled brighter as our mouths came together. Our tongues tangled wildly, and she seemed intent on trying to lick my tonsils. As we swapped spit, I ground my body full-length against hers. We were both sweaty and slick and feverish with lust.

Her hands closed on my ass to keep me from slipping off her wriggling form. She pushed her crotch upward, and I humped her right back as we continued to kiss, tongues slurping and mouths grinding. Her fingers slid down into the moist valley of my ass. She grazed my asshole and then my pussy, sending electrical jolts through me.

I rolled us onto our sides, so I could reach around and finger her holes, too. Her body was very flexible, making the job an easy one for me. I stuck one finger in her butt hole and another in her streaming pussy at the same time. She bucked



# LETTERS

## ▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

against me, and I delved deeper, feeling her intense interior heat.

She gave a sharp cry, tossing back her head as her eyes rolled up into her skull. When they came back down, her burning gaze was predatory. I distantly wondered just who had been hunting whom earlier on the trail.

But the answer didn't matter. She pushed me onto my back, and her strong hands closed over my tits, squeezing hard. She lowered her head and sucked on my breasts, nibbling my nipples, which shot new excitement through me.

Then she was kissing and licking her way down my belly, which caused me to instinctively spread my legs. She moved in between my thighs, and I hugged her sides with my knees. Her dark-haired head hovered over my aching pussy. I felt her breath on my glossy cunt lips.

When she dropped her mouth onto me, I yelped with unrestrained joy. Her tongue moved quickly, darting like a snake between my folds. She parted my pussy lips, taking deep swipes, and my hips bucked underneath her. Around us the long grass flowed in the gentle wind, so peaceful in contrast to the wildness of the

lust I felt swirling inside me.

My lover scoured my throbbing clit with her lively tongue. I reached down and grabbed a fistful of her hair, pushing my pussy up hard against her face. I knew my juices were smearing her chin and cheeks. Her tongue flashed in and out of me, and I thrilled at the careful graze of her teeth and the deliciously dirty experience of getting it on out in the open.

A deep energy welled up inside me as her tongue caressed my clitoris. I tightened my fingers in her hair and came against her mouth. I heard her swallowing my honey as my body was wracked by carnal joy.

I sat up and grabbed hold of her. Putting her on her back, I squirmed between her legs. Her pussy was spread before me, and I eagerly inhaled her sweet aroma. My sex drive was dialed up to maximum.

Eagerly, I put my mouth to her cunt, and the flavor of her made my whole body jump. She tasted like tart honey, and I licked her lips, savoring the smooth texture of her glossy flesh. Feeling more daring, I probed within. She was as hot inside as my questing fingers had found her before. I tasted her slick heat, and she growled

in response to the pleasure my delving tongue delivered.

I batted at her clit playfully, then pursed my lips tightly so I could suck on the pulsing bud. She wriggled on the grassy ground, her ass practically bouncing. I sucked her harder, and her flowing juices coated my chin.

She seized two handfuls of my hair and started humping against my mouth. Her hips were bucking frantically as I feasted on her. When she cried out again, I drank what she gave me, allowing the flavor of her to consume me.

I pulled her up into my arms. We kissed again, trading our tastes back and forth. I felt strained but not depleted—I wasn't done yet. I hoped she had the stamina to keep up with my ravenous sexual hunger.

We sat facing each other. I hooked a leg over hers, our thighs sliding together, until we were pussy-to-pussy. I leaned back, bracing myself on my hands. She did the same.

We scissored urgently. Our pussies rubbed hard, smearing wetly together. The blue sky whirled overhead as our mutual pleasure built. I thrust against her, and the savage intensity of our arousal grew. Our hips jerked wildly as our asses lifted off the grass.

The pretty stranger's face suddenly twisted in bliss as my body shook with profound sexual rapture. Our juices mingled as they poured forth from our bodies, there atop the hill, at the end of the Pussy Run.

—C.R., Boulder, Colorado

## ❶ CRUSHING IT

Walking into the store, I stopped dead in my tracks. I hadn't worked there for about six months, but there he was—Ryan. Tall, as buff as hell, with rich, brown skin and big green eyes. He was as





brehtaking as ever.

When he saw me, he gave me a smile and a wave.

"Long time, no see, stranger."

I walked toward him slowly, giving myself time to take in the vision of him as he finished with his final customer and flicked off his register's light.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I was called in for some temporary work. And since my other job has been cutting hours recently, I jumped at the chance."

"Nice." He gave me a hug—wrapping me in his strong, muscular arms—and I tried not to melt against him. I had flirted shamelessly with him when we'd worked together, even going as far as asking him out. But he had a girlfriend at the time—and he loved her. Dammit.

"How's Angela?" I asked, almost choking on her name. Lucky girl. And from what I'd seen of them together, she had no idea how lucky she was.

I felt his body grow rigid, and I pulled back to look at him. "What's wrong?"

"We broke up a few months back." He tried to smile.

I wanted to jump for joy, instead I hugged him again as I said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It was a good thing while it lasted." I wasn't imagining it when he squeezed me a bit tighter. "I missed you."

"Why didn't you call me?"

He shrugged. "I needed time. Alone. But now, seeing you"—he reared back to look at me and grinned—"and all of your gorgeousness, I wish I had."

My heartbeat seemed to resonate through my whole body. I blinked, feeling a little lightheaded. But I'd been after Ryan for quite a while; I wasn't going to let anything distract me this time. Not now when we were both single—and obviously attracted to each other. I was going for it.

"Well, I'm here now," I said. "I just have to check in with the manager on duty and sign a few papers and then I'll be ready to start tomorrow. No training, I'm easy."

"Can I take you for a drink?" he asked.



---

## **"HE SETTLED OVER ME, AND HIS COCK PRESSED AGAINST MY DRENCHED SLIT."**

---

He leaned in close, and I could feel his hot breath on my neck. "I can't believe you're here."

I blinked. "You can take me for a drink after..."

"After?"

"After you take me to your place. Okay?"

It was his turn to blink, but then he grinned. "No argument here."

"I don't want to wait any longer for you than I already have."

He touched my waist briefly, and then we walked toward the back of the store. I found the manager, tried to focus on what I was there to do and walked out of her office 10 minutes later, practically vibrating with anticipation.

It's true. I'd waited a long time to get ahold of Ryan. Drinks could definitely wait.

I was going to follow his car with mine, but he insisted on driving me.

"I'll take you, and I'll bring you back.

Like a date."

A date...

His apartment was only about five minutes from work in a small brick building.

Before he opened the door to the main entrance, he took my hand and leaned over to kiss me. My body was nearly buzzing. I was so jacked up. His lips were soft, and his tongue darted out to touch mine, making my pussy thump.

"Come on...I've been having wet dreams about you for months. And then you just show up. The universe can be amazing sometimes."

I followed him up the steps and through the front door of his apartment. The glow of an aquarium lit the living room, and he turned on a lone lamp.

"It's not much, but it's home."

I practically launched myself at him. He caught me in his arms, cupped the back of my head with one hand and kissed me deeply. As he hypnotized me with a passionate lip-lock, he dragged the fingers of his free hand down my back to just below the waistband of my jeans. My skin jumped at the chill of his hand on my naked flesh and the excitement of him touching me—finally, after all this time.

"What do you want?" he asked. His voice rumbled along my jaw and made me shiver.

I'm not much for dirty talk. I'm usually shy, but I'd wanted him for so long I found myself whispering, "Eat my pussy. I've always wanted to know what your tongue would feel like."

# LETTERS

## ▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

As I spoke, he walked me backward and sat me on the sofa. He worked off my boots and opened my jeans, while I wrestled off my sweater and bra. I lifted my hips as he pulled my pants down and off. My panties went next. He kissed my mouth and then headed downward, pausing to suck each nipple until I gasped. Then he raked his teeth down my belly and nibbled along my hip. I thought I might lose my mind. I'm pretty sure I stopped breathing for a moment.

"Please," I moaned in desperation.

"Patience." But even as he said the word, he pushed a finger inside me, and I melted. He skated his lips along my mound, bit me gently, and then found my clit. My entire body went limp. His tongue was hot and wet and extremely talented as he flicked that sensitive knot of flesh.

I found myself holding his head, fingers pressed to his soft hair, as I raised my hips to meet his mouth. His tongue drew patterns on my sensitive skin as he finger-fucked me. Then he nipped my clit gently, and I urgently whispered, "Harder."

He did my bidding, and I came—fast and intense. I clutched his head as he lapped

up my juices eagerly.

I sat up fast, and my head went fuzzy. I reached for his belt buckle, and he stepped back, shaking his head. "I'll do it."

I watched, mindlessly twirling my hair around a finger as he whipped off his red tee and then unbuckled his belt. His khakis made a whooshing noise as he pushed them down, and I saw his long, hard cock stressing his gray boxer briefs.

He pushed them down, and his dick sprang free. I sucked in a breath, and I made a "gimme" motion with my hands.

---

**"I PARTED MY  
LEGS WIDE. HE  
HIKED THEM UP  
AND SLID INTO  
ME BALLS-DEEP."**

---

He stepped closer and slid the tip of his cock along my lower lip. I darted my tongue out to lap at him, and I tasted his salty-sweet pre-come.

I sucked him into my mouth, just the tip at first, and then drove my mouth down his shaft. His hand cupped the back of my head and that turned me on immensely. That possessive but gentle gesture. I pushed my mouth lower and wiggled in my seat. I wanted that cock inside me. I wanted him fucking me. Missionary, doggy-style, sideways on the bed, upside down—it didn't matter. I just wanted him inside me. Fucking me.

I stroked his cock with my fist and gently sucked the head. I bent to suck his balls into my mouth as I jacked him, sweeping my thumb over his sensitive tip. He groaned and clutched at my long hair. He wound the length of it around his hand and held my head that way, moving my mouth up and down at his will.

I gasped, shifting again.

"Enough of that," he said. He grabbed my wrist and hauled me up. Before I realized what he was doing, he dipped his big body and caught me up in a fireman's carry to bring me to his bedroom.

I let out a yelp and then we were both laughing, as much as two turned-on people can laugh when all they really want to do is screw.

Ryan dropped me on the mattress and then landed on it next to me.

"I want to fuck you," he said, biting my collarbone. "I want to fuck you, and probably before we even get that drink, I'll want to fuck you again."

I groaned and pulled him toward me for another kiss. His hard dick pressed against my thigh as he kissed his way along my neck and across my shoulders. He headed downward, pausing at my breasts. He bit one of my nipples, and I sighed. Then he settled himself over me, and his cock pressed against my drenched slit.

I moved up to take him as just the tip slid into me. I held my breath as he pushed





in further. He kissed me roughly, nipping my lower lip.

"Spread your legs. Let me in."

I did as ordered. I parted my legs wide. He hiked them up and slid into me balls-deep. His gaze never left mine as he began fucking me.

"I've thought about this a lot," he growled. His tempo increased, his long cock pounding my most sensitive places with every thrust.

"Me, too. Me, too!" I held on to him tightly and tossed my head back as he raked his teeth down my throat. I wrapped my legs around him, so he could pound me as deeply as possible.

"Come for me, sweet thing."

I came as easy as you please. He swallowed my cries with a kiss before pulling out of me. Ryan rolled to his side and angled me so he could enter my cunt from behind.

"Touch your clit"

I did as he said, already threatening to climax yet another time.

"That's so sexy," he whispered in my ear. "My cock sliding in and out of you, stretching you, while you're stroking your clit. I want you to come with me. I want you to come on my cock again. I want to feel that pussy quiver around my dick."

"Oh, your beautiful filthy mouth," I sighed. I gave him what he asked for, stroking myself and making my pussy ripple and grip him tightly.

He growled and pushed me onto my belly, once more entering me from behind. But his full weight was on me this time, his mouth on the back of my neck.

My eyes drifted shut as I soaked in the pleasure of him pummeling my cunt. He covered my body with his like a blanket, and when he came, he murmured my name against the back of my neck. Goosebumps sprang up along my shoulders.

He pulled out, rolled me over and kissed me again.

"As good as you'd imagined?" he asked, his lips sliding along my skin.



"Better," I said. "What about you?"

"Didn't think it was possible," he said, grinning. "But better than I imagined."

"You want to get that drink?"

"Or we could crack open a bottle of wine here, and then go for round two."

"You're not just hot," I said. "You're smart, too."

—M.S., via email

## ❶ BI-BI BABY

I'd been lusting after a woman at my job, even though I hadn't known if she was into chicks. Nina and I work in different departments, but the office is small enough that everybody knows one another.

It was lust at first sight for me. Her manager took her around to meet everybody on her first day of work, and I was instantly awestruck by her beauty. She had a mop of inky-black hair, sun-burnished skin and smoldering dark eyes. She seemed to be filled with a barely contained passion. I hoped I might witness it unleashed one day.

Although I'm by no means in the

closet, I don't go around broadcasting my sexuality, especially on the job.

Close friends and family know, but few people at work do. I made a point of befriending Nina, hoping against hope that she might be gay, too. But in one of our first conversations in the brightly lit lunchroom, she told me she was in a relationship with a man. However, she indicated it was not going well, which gave me hope.

We got along great and had lunch together nearly every day, and then we started meeting on the weekends for brunch and shopping trips. I have no idea if she knew I was a lesbian—she never really asked about that part of my life, and I didn't offer any hints. Nonetheless, our friendship had seemed to grow more playful and flirtatious.

Then one morning she came to work looking pretty glum. I asked what was wrong, and she told me she and her boyfriend had finally broken up. It was a mutual decision, but she was still upset about it. I gave her a hug, patting her back, and she pressed her body against mine. I felt a little guilty that her crisis was kinda turning me on. I told her I'd take her out for drinks after work if she was up to it.

# LETTERS

## ▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

I took her to a lesbian bar, but she didn't mind one bit. We sat at a cozy table, sipping martinis and talking. Out of the blue, she asked me, "Do you have a guy? I've never heard you speak about anyone, and you don't wear a wedding ring."

I took a deep breath and answered, "I'm not in a relationship...but I'm actually a lesbian."

"I had my suspicions, and the bar"—she gestured to our surroundings—"kinda iced it. Don't worry, Jen, it doesn't make any difference to me. You're my best friend."

She leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek, which I felt all the way down to my cunt.

"I'm very glad to hear you say that," I said, and then took a deep breath, deciding to put in all my chips. "I'm actually very attracted to you."

She didn't say anything for a long moment, but she made no motion to storm out of the place either.

"That's very flattering," she finally said, "but I've never swung that way."

"Have you ever been curious?"

"I don't know..." Her words trailed off, but I could hear a barely veiled interest

coloring her voice. "Well, maybe a little. If I'm really honest about it."

"Want to go to my place and see how things develop? We can go as slow as you need."

She thought over my proposal for about a minute. It was a very long minute for me. Then she downed the rest of her drink and announced: "Why not?"

We didn't speak much on the drive home. Once I got her into my place, I leaned forward and gave her a chaste kiss on the lips. Then I took her by the hand and led her into my bedroom.

Nina and I lay on the bed next to one another, gazing into each other's eyes. I stroked her hair a bit, which seemed to relax her. My toys would remain in the closet for this initial encounter. I just wanted to kiss her, suck her boobs and eat her pussy if she'd let me, and I was getting the impression that was where we were headed.

I leaned in for another kiss, letting my tongue tickle her lips. She opened her mouth, and our lip-lock grew more heated. For someone who wasn't sure about her attraction to women, she seemed to be

responding pretty strongly to me. I was thrilled. It was like my most incredible dream was coming true.

I pulled off Nina's top and laid her back. I was wearing a dress and slipped out of it easily. Her skin was so fucking soft I could have died right in her arms. I unhooked her bra and slid it off her shoulders, revealing her full breasts with dark nipples that made my mouth water.

She had gorgeous tits, and I lost track of time as I sucked and nibbled on them. Nina was enjoying the moment, running her fingers through my long blonde hair. My pussy was thoroughly wet by then, and I wondered if hers was, too. I kissed my way down her body until I could see and smell her damp panties. I skinned her out of them.

At first I just played with her, thrumming my fingers against her wet cunt. She arched her back and moaned. I continued to tease her, stroking her softly until she was squirming and going out of her mind. Then I lowered my mouth to her hot box and began licking her.

"Oh my God!" Nina yelled, mashing her cunt against my face.

I continued to slurp on her sex, my tongue continually caressing her clit, which had swollen to twice its original size. I lapped at that precious jewel, making Nina go crazy. She could only take so much before she came, her juices gushing into my mouth.

I had no expectation that she would return the favor. I just really wanted to taste her. But she surprised me. We lay together as she recovered from her post-orgasmic pleasure, and then she began sucking on my tits. She used her tongue to make little circles around my nipples until they got as hard as pebbles. She cupped my breasts and squeezed them gently. I started moaning. She was a naturally gifted lover.

Then Nina copied what I'd done to her. She moved down to my pussy and slipped off my panties. She stared at my cunt for a while—I supposed it was







the first one she had seen up close and personal, other than her own. She ran her fingertips across my lips reverently. My pussy was slick, and she began licking me gently as I urged her on with words of encouragement.

"That's it," I moaned. "Lick my clit, but don't suck on it—because that'll make me come too soon."

Nina once again proved to be a fast learner. She teased me, pulling away and kissing my mouth, letting me taste myself on her lips, before going back to my cunt. She got the hang of using her fingers along with her tongue, sending sparks of pleasure shooting throughout my overheated body.

"Do you want me to make you come?" she asked teasingly.

"Yes!" I shouted. "God, yes!"

She lowered her mouth to my sex, sucked on my clit and swirled her tongue. The dam broke, and I flooded her mouth with nectar. She laughed and lapped up my juices. I was on another planet at that point, and it took me a good long while to recover.

But after a break, I was back at it again. This time I used my hand, massaging her vulva in a circular motion. I did not stick my fingers inside her. I only rubbed, and she whimpered with delight. That was how I usually masturbated, and I thought it might

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## **"I CONTINUED TO TEASE HER, STROKING HER SOFTLY UNTIL SHE WAS SQUIRMING."**

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trigger in her the same powerful feelings I regularly experienced.

I continued to rub her pussy faster. She was arching her back, lifting her butt off the bed and wriggling wildly. Despite being wild with arousal, she managed to reach over and started rubbing my pussy the same way. I spread my legs as much as I could, thrusting my pelvis toward her hand, while I kept working to give her pleasure. It was thrilling to know I was the first woman who had touched her so intimately and to see how eagerly she responded.

I waited for her to show signs of orgasm before I let myself go, and soon enough they came: the helpless whimpers, the tensed muscles and then that ecstatic wail

as she shivered and shook. She trembled from head to toe as she was consumed by her bliss. As she was riding high on her pleasure peak, I allowed myself to climax. I relaxed and let Nina's fingers take me higher and higher. My orgasm felt like a wave washing over me, and I let out a long moan as I crashed atop her. She grabbed hold of me as if she was saving me from drowning. It had been a lovely moment of communal bliss.

Nina and I spent the night together, cuddling and connecting. I didn't magically turn her into a lesbian—she still sees mostly guys—but we get together every now and again for some fun. She hasn't had any other women but me, but when a new lady was hired at the company, we both commented about her hotness—and Nina found out she's into girls, too! I've never had a threesome—but maybe it's time!

**—J.H., Billings, Montana**

We always say it's better to be chased than chaste. If you've had an experience that will turn on fellow readers and inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own, tell us about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: [letters@penthouse.com](mailto:letters@penthouse.com).



# A SURE BET

RYAN KNOWS WHEN TO HOLD 'EM—AND  
NEVER DISAPPOINTS!





























“WHEN I PLAY WITH RYAN,  
I’M ALWAYS A WINNER!”

—AALIYAH







# LETTERS

## ▷ KINKY COUGARS

### ❶ WET COUGAR

She had to know what she was doing to all the young guys who hung around the municipal pool. She had a sleek, athletic body. Her simple black swimsuit hugged her gorgeous figure. When she moved, her every step and gesture signaled confidence and poise. In the water, she swam with incredible grace and skill.

Mrs. J was also 45 years old and the mother of Charlie, a high school pal of mine.

She wasn't the only female at the pool. Plenty of girls and young women went there to show off, same as the males. But they all seemed like clumsy players in a performance dominated by this grande dame of the water.

Oh, did I mention I had the worst crush on her, despite being half her age?

My infatuation went back to my teen years, when Charlie's mom would host pool parties and dress in even skimpier swimwear. All the boys, and most of the adult men, would furtively drool over her.

Now she was divorced from Charlie's

dad and living in a place without a pool. So she often visited the city's watering hole where I was working as a lifeguard and in charge of closing up. Every time she came to swim I had to fight down a fierce hard-on so I could concentrate on my job and not look like a total perv.

Sometimes I would distract myself by watching what her presence did to the other guys. As she swam her graceful laps, male heads would turn to follow. Boys would break off conversations with girls to ogle her, which usually earned them an annoyed slap on the arm or at least an affronted harrumph.

I understood her allure. It wasn't just that Mrs. J was classically beautiful. It was her very maturity that was so beguiling. She exuded this aura that said she knew sensual secrets, things you didn't learn until you had put some serious years into life. She could give you a casual look that would make your heart pound—or a provocative smile that got your balls humming.

I always suspected she was wholly aware of her effect on the younger males in her vicinity. Perhaps she guessed that I felt privileged to see so

much of her or that I had a catalog of images in my head that I would jerk off to shamelessly in my bed at night.

One evening, when closing time was approaching and everyone else had left, she waved me to the edge of the pool. I scampered over, thrilled by the attention.

"Wayne," she said—she remembered my name!—"can I ask a huge favor? Let me swim alone for half an hour after you close." She was treading water. She blinked up at me with her smoldering eyes. "Please," she added, in a huskier voice.

I stammered okay, then went off to shut the doors, trying to hide the hard-on swelling beneath my swim trunks. Everybody else was out. I locked up and shut off the outside lights. When I came back, the lone splashes of her doing laps sounded strange in the cavernous space.

I sat on a bench and watched her. It was so much nicer without the distraction of having to keep watch on the other swimmers. She moved with such an easy gliding motion, never showing any strain. Her leg and arm muscles were slight but solid. I wondered if I would be in half as good physical shape when I was her age.

She came to the end of the long pool and climbed out. The water spilled off her as she pushed back the damp hanks of her hair. I studied the swells of her breasts beneath the black swimsuit, feeling like a drooling teenager all over again.

"Wayne," she called out. "Would it embarrass you if I got...a little more comfortable?"

Still sitting on the bench, I could only gulp and shrug. Surely she couldn't mean...

But she did mean it, like something right out of one of my overheated fantasies about her. She peeled off her wet swimwear and dropped it with a plop on the tiles.

I had about three seconds to





scrutinize her completely naked and utterly fantastic body before she dove back into the pool. Then I watched, in stunned rapture, as that nude form slipped nimbly through the water.

My cock had tented my trunks, and my damp skin sizzled with desire. I felt my jaw drop open and—damned if I'm lying—a little drool was actually seeping from a corner of my mouth. She was so ravishing and alluring and real.

She swam several laps, then popped up and asked, "Would you like to get comfortable, too, and join me?"

I rose on shivering legs. With trembling hands, I slid off my swim trunks. My cock stood blazingly erect, throbbing with every beat of my heart. As I went to the edge of the pool, she swam over. Her eyes studied me, and I could almost feel the heat of her gaze.

In that husky voice of hers, she told me to sit down on the edge. With my feet in the water, she moved between my legs. Her hands glided over my bare thighs, and the contact nearly made me shoot right then, especially with her face hovering near my straining cock.

"Can I kiss it, Wayne?" she asked.

I nodded jerkily.

She puckered her lips and planted a kiss on my cockhead. Pleasure hit me like a jolt of electricity.

"Can I suck it, Wayne?" Her lovely face was full of mature knowing.

This time I managed to speak, "Yes, Mrs. J!"

"Oh, call me Cassie," she purred seductively. Then her mouth was closing around my crown, and I felt her tongue working its magic on me. I'd had blowjobs before, but as the tight ring of her lips descended on my shaft, I realized those hummers had been nothing more than amateur attempts, provided by well-meaning but inexperienced mouths.

Mrs. J—Cassie!—sucked my cock right down to my balls in a single, steady swallow, without a hitch of gag reflex or



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## **"MY COCK WAS SO HARD I COULD BARELY STAND IT. I ACHED TO EMPTY INTO HER."**

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an uncomfortable graze of teeth. Her tongue danced on my staff, stroking every glorious inch. I felt her throat close fearlessly around my cockhead.

She was an incredible sight. I watched her cheeks flatten, felt the luscious suction and trembled as she purred again, sending erotic vibrations all through my body.

She cradled my balls in one hand as she lifted and dropped her mouth. The seal of her lips never broke, and her tongue didn't tire. She kept up an even rhythm, gently squeezing my nutsac as she sucked.

Suddenly, I realized she was pushing me past my limits. I attempted to cry out

a warning, but my words turned into a howl of orgasmic bliss. Every muscle in me went taut, and I started jetting. I made as if to pull away, but Cassie kept her mouth on me. I could see her throat working as she swallowed my relentless jets of cream. The pleasure made my brain spin.

Afterward, she drew me down into the water with her. When she resumed swimming laps, I followed along. The water felt good on my naked body, and being alongside her beautiful bare shape was a special joy.

As we swam, I realized she was giving me a chance to recover. I felt a little bad about shooting off in her mouth before she'd had any kind of chance to get off. But my cock started to swell again in anticipation.

She was aware of my state. When we reached the end of the pool, she led me up onto the tiles. I followed her to one of the padded lounge chairs, my newly hard cock wagging before me. She sat back, spreading her shapely legs. I stared at her pussy like it was the gateway to paradise.

With the pool water still streaming off me, I knelt at the foot of the lounge and put my face between her thighs, looking up to make sure it was okay.

# LETTERS

## ▷ KINKY COUGARS

She grinned, eyes bright with desire. I'd eaten pussy before, but now I was determined to give her as good an oral sex experience as she'd provided me. I marshaled everything I'd learned about the act and set off to eat her out.

I licked her folds, and she sighed with pleasure. I slipped my tongue inside her cleft, tasting her. The flavor was nectar-like. I delved her deeper, and her strong legs closed around my shoulders. As I wriggled my tongue, she growled with animalistic delight.

When I went after her clitoris, caressing the swelling bud with my tongue, she grabbed hold of my hair and humped her pussy forcefully against my mouth. I figured I was doing something right. I tongued her deeper and harder. She let out a yowl that echoed off the ceiling. Her pussy juice flowed over my tongue, and I swallowed it as eagerly as she had drunk my cream.

When I lifted my head, she pulled me up on top of her and licked my face clean. No woman had ever done that to me before. My being shuddered with lust. I was lying atop her amazing

body, and I put my hands on her tits, squeezing. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds.

"Put your cock in me, Wayne!" she cried.

Again, the moment was right out of a fantasy as I slotted my aching cock into her streaming pussy. The clasp of her interior heat was like some crazy erotic miracle.

I slammed myself all the way in. Her arms went around my shoulders, her legs cinching my waist. I plumbed her depths as her eyes sprang wide. Up close now, I saw that hers wasn't the face of a girl. Her features had character. Her eyes had seen and appreciated so much.

I was pleased to add myself to whatever roll call of lovers she'd had before. I began to stroke into her, this time determined to keep control of my climax. I'd made her come with my mouth, now I wanted to do the same with my cock.

She was fabulously responsive. She showed no inhibitions about the pleasure she was receiving. She moved

in perfect time to my thrusts, almost like she had them timed to the microsecond.

I'd been doing a good job of holding my orgasm in check, even though the pleasure was insanely intense. But when she growled in my ear, "I want your hot cream in my cunt!" it was too much. My balls tightened and I was spewing, ecstasy taking me. She was right there with me, crying out as she writhed.

Afterward, we swam together some more. Likewise, it wasn't the last closing-time visit to the pool for Mrs. J—I mean, Cassie.

—W.B., via email

## 🕒 TASTY MORSEL

Every time I saw Todd I wanted to tie him up and spank his little ass. But I'd never gotten the chance—until recently.

I'm not ashamed to say that shamelessly flirting with the handsome, young night clerk at the store on the corner was in my repertoire. He flirted back, but that's as far as things had gone for a long while.

One snowy night, I figured he'd be working, but I really was shopping because I needed a few things. Things I knew the corner store would have. I'd pay a little more than at the big box store, but the convenience of walking there instead of taking my car on the icy roads was priceless.

I walked into the warmth and yellow glow of the tiny shop and stomped the snow off my boots on the rubber mat just inside the door. It was coming down pretty hard out there.

"Hi," Todd said, popping up from behind the counter like a prairie dog.

My heart, and other parts of me, did a little jig at seeing my favorite pretty boy clerk.

"Hi, Todd. How are you?"

I grabbed a basket and headed for





the soup. I took two cans of the organic chicken noodle they'd started stocking for me, and then grabbed a box of crackers. Next, a bottle of wine went in the basket. I was playing nonchalant to the hilt.

"I'm okay," he said. "You lucked out, though. You made it just in time."

"Just in time?" I looked at my watch as I headed for the tiny dairy section. "You're open until 10, right? That's hours from now."

"Yeah, we are. But I'm due a break, and I was going to put up the sign saying I'd be back in 30."

"Going home for your break?" I asked, knowing he lived within walking distance of the shop. I put a small block of cheddar in my basket, then some half-and-half for my coffee. I headed toward the toilet paper. They always stocked three times the normal amount in the winter.

"No. Just the backroom. There's a TV and a nice sofa, and I can eat the dinner I brought.

"I'd forgotten about that backroom," I said. "Ever have your girlfriend over to spend your break with you?"

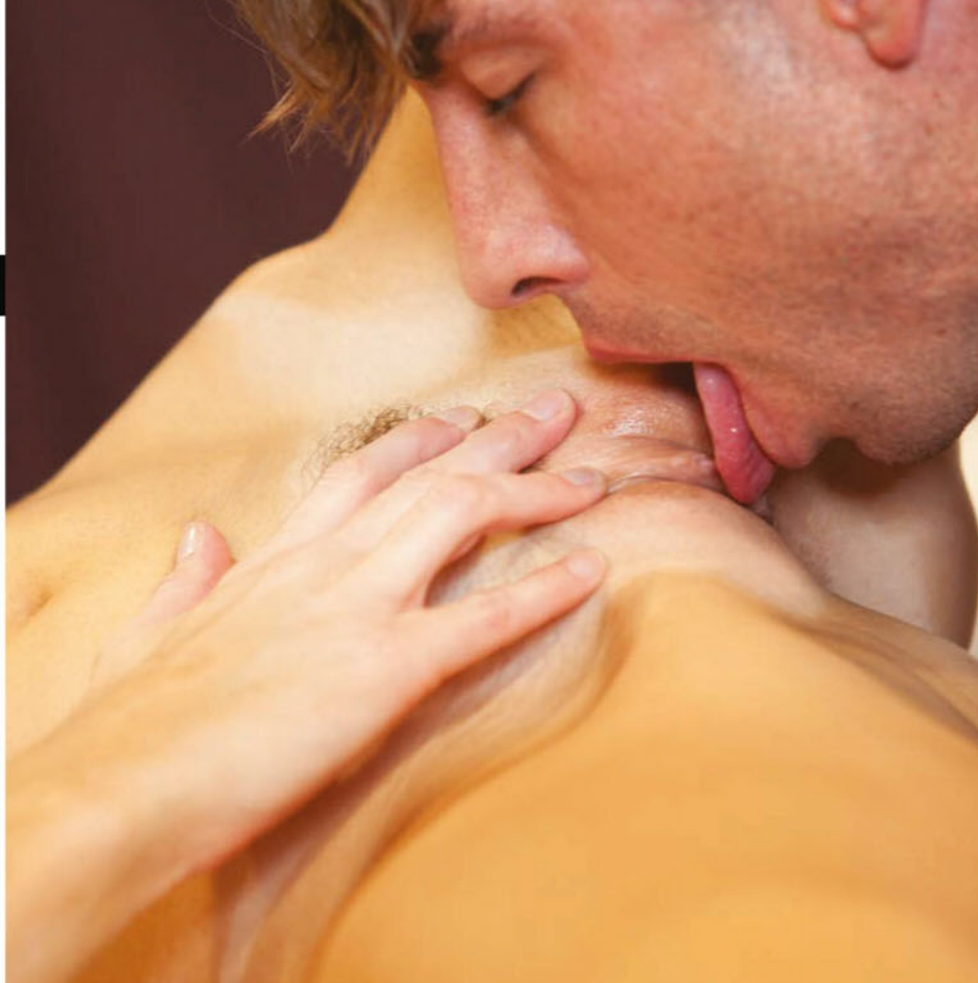
He shook his head, blushing slightly. "Nah. I don't have a girlfriend right now, anyway. Me and the last one broke up a while back. And there hasn't been anyone since."

"Pity," I said. But my pussy was getting wet since my brain had gone into overdrive, thinking of devouring this delectable morsel of young masculinity. "Would you like company?" I put my basket on the counter and leaned close. I saw his eyes dart to my barely visible hint of cleavage. It was too cold to wear anything truly low-cut, but there was a respectable amount visible to tempt him.

"I—um..."

"I could offer you a break that's way better than whatever meal you have back there."

"Ham...a ham sandwich," he said sheepishly before swallowing hard.



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## **"HE FOCUSED ON MY CLIT, DRAGGING HIS TONGUE ACROSS IT THE WAY I LIKE BEST."**

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"Ham. Hmm, do you think I'd be tastier than ham, Todd?"

He was staring at me like he'd forgotten how to speak. Finally, he nodded. "I do."

"Good. Get that sign in the window, lock the door and get your ass back there. I think you need a spanking. You've been a bad boy."

His face turned several shades of red, and he hurried to the window to flip the sign. I had expected him to balk or question the spanking part. But unless my eyes were deceiving me, he already seemed to have a hard-on. The

thought of punishment seemed to be flipping his switch.

*Way to go, Todd, I thought.*

He scooted past me like he expected me to take a swat at him. I chuckled and followed him back to the employee breakroom. It was a tiny space since the whole store was just the basement of an old house. The top two floors were accountants' offices, which were closed for the night.

I shut the door behind me and slid the hook into the eye latch. "Take off your pants, Todd."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, sounding half terrified and half excited.

He shucked his faded, well-fitting jeans and stood there.

"Undies, too, honey."

He blushed even deeper and pulled off his boxers. His cock—long, hard and spectacularly erect—sprang free.

"Hands on the back of that chair, please."

In the corner was a small desk where the owner, no doubt, did paperwork. It was paired with an old ladder-back chair.

Todd put his hands on the chair, bending slightly at the waist. I glanced around the room. Not much there. But

# LETTERS

## ▷ KINKY COUGARS

in the corner, leftover from wrapping Christmas baskets, I assumed, was a spool of green ribbon. I unwound it and found just enough for my needs.

I tied Todd's wrists to the chair. It was just for show—for excitement. If Todd wanted to escape, he would have no trouble breaking his skimpy bonds.

I pressed myself to his bare ass and reached around to stroke his cock. His erection pulsed at my touch, and I had to suppress a laugh.

"Such a bad boy. Don't worry. It'll hurt for a bit, but then it will feel soooo good."

I watched as goose bumps sprang up along his arms.

I took a step back and dropped my coat and scarf on the sofa. I kept my clothes on for the time being. Then I laid a single bare-handed spank on his right ass cheek.

Todd yelped, jerking against the chair, but when I reached around and took his cock in my hand it felt like he could break rocks with the thing. I smiled.

"Count," I growled. Then I started to spank him in earnest, laying down a blanket of hot pink handprints on his ass.

He managed to keep track of the

blows. I was impressed by that.

Once he reached 20 and his butt was 60 shades of rouge, I stepped back to admire my handiwork.

"Nice," I said.

I untied him and turned him to face me. "You were a very good boy," I said.

Then I dropped to my knees and took his cock in my mouth. I played my lips along his length so that he bucked and jerked like he was being electrocuted. I warned him to behave, then I sucked him to the root, letting him feel my throat.

Poor Todd could only moan. He

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**"HE SUCKED  
HARDER AND  
FASTER, THEN I  
WAS COMING,  
HOWLING AT  
THE CEILING."**

---

jerked once more, caught himself, and then went still.

I held his trim hips and sucked him until he seemed to be nearly vibrating. Once I had him there—right there on that razor's edge of release—I stood up abruptly.

"On your knees, boy."

Innocent little Todd dropped like a rock. He knelt there, staring, waiting and breathing hard. I stripped slowly, watching him watch me. Then I stepped forward, my bare pussy at the perfect level for his pretty mouth.

"Let's see how that mouth of yours is, Todd." I pointed toward my cunt and ordered, "Eat."

He went at me with unrestrained lust. He surprised me by grabbing my thighs and holding me tight. His tongue slithered around my folds, circled my clit, and then abandoned it again to trace my nether lips.

I grabbed the back of his head and concentrated his efforts. He stopped playing around and focused on my clit, dragging his tongue across it the way I like best. When I was just about to blow, I hissed, "Suck it."

He did, drawing on my clit slowly and deliberately. His leisurely manner made me desperate and restless, and the pleasure that flooded me was so close to what I needed it to be. I gripped the back of his head, pinned him to me and moved shamelessly against him. He sucked harder and faster, and then I was coming, howling at the ceiling and laughing at how good it was.

Todd sat back on his haunches, looking stunned. He wiped a forearm across his mouth because my juices had painted him from below his nose to his chin. He smiled at me.

"Sit in the chair, Todd."

He sat back in that old ladder-back chair. His cock stood straight up, erect and leaking pre-come.

I leaned forward to run my tongue over that tempting dot of moisture perched on his crown, and he moaned





softly in apparent appreciation

I straddled him, watching his face as I sank down on his shaft. When he was seated deep inside me, I started to rock. My breasts pressed against his chest, my belly pressed against his.

He raised his hands to cup my tits and pinched my nipples gently.

"Harder," I demanded.

He obeyed, and my cunt responded by gripping him tighter. He hummed softly at that, and I smiled.

"Suck them," I commanded.

He suckled softly at first, but when my pussy spasmed around his shaft, he took things to the next level, biting them so that pleasurable pain shimmered through me.

I was right there, rocking on his cock as it nudged my G-spot perfectly. "Again," I insisted.

Todd bit me, and I slammed myself down. My insides turned warm and liquid as I climaxed.

"Don't you come," I managed to utter as the orgasm slammed through me. Wetness gushed out of me, and Todd gave a low moan.

I climbed off him and got on the sofa on my knees. I draped my upper body over the backrest. He got the hint, moving in close behind me.

"Fuck me," I said. "And when you shoot, come on my ass."

Todd was breathing hard as he plunged into my drenched pussy. He held my hips, and I reared backward as he fucked me so he could get as deep as possible. His balls slapped against me as he drove into me rhythmically.

One big arm looped around my middle. The other reached up to press against the back of my neck. It was my turn to moan. That was a ballsy move for the likes of Todd.

I clenched my pussy tight around him as he thrust and heard him gasp.

"I'm going to come," he said. "Oh, fuck, I'm going to come..."

He let me go fast, pulled free of me,



and I heard his hand rasping against his dick as he finished himself off. I turned my head just in time to see his cream jet out. I felt the warm thick fluid splash my ass and start to run in rivulets down my thighs.

I smiled at him. "Better than ham?"

He nodded. "Yes, ma'am. Way better."

"Good." I accepted a paper towel from him and cleaned myself off. "Now, you need to go ring me up. I have to go home and eat. You made me hungry, Todd."

He smiled, blushing again. "I'm hungry, too."

"You should eat at the counter," I said.

"I won't tell if you won't."

"No ma'am," he said. "I'll never tell."

—S.B., via email

## MR. FIX-IT

Being able to start a business and make it profitable while you're young is a great thing. Getting to bed a bunch of hot, willing women while you do it is a wildly spectacular bonus.

I didn't become a handyman with any intention other than to make money off my skills without having to answer to a boss. But after a few weeks, it became clear there were a lot of sexually desperate women looking to get far more than their plumbing serviced.

Don't get me wrong. When I get called to a home to fix something, I fix it. But when I'm done, it's not uncommon for the lady of the house to lead me to the master bedroom.

Violet is one of my favorite repeat customers. She's in her early 40s and married to a guy several years older who constantly travels for work. If Violet calls for an appointment, I make sure to clear the rest of my day.

The first time I met Violet, things started off normal enough. She gave me a list of items around her house that needed attention, and I set off on my own and got to work. The kitchen sink was last. When I entered the room, I was surprised to find Violet perched at the breakfast bar in a barely there satin robe. She smiled and asked how my work was going. She had all the earmarks of a desperate housewife, but

# LETTERS

## ▾ KINKY COUGARS

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**“SHE WASN’T  
CHASING  
PLEASURE; SHE  
WAS DROWNING  
IN IT, GRUNTING  
AND GASPING.”**

---



I didn't want to assume too much so I simply engaged her in conversation while I did my thing.

Once I was finished, I asked her to sign off on the work order. She hesitated, the pen poised over the paper. Instead of signing, she placed the clipboard on the countertop.

“Is there something wrong?” I asked.

Brushing her fingertips along the waistband of my jeans she murmured, “Actually, there is one more thing I need.”

I stood there, my hands suspended in midair while she tugged at the button on my pants. In a flash she'd pulled my jeans to the floor. She traced a fingertip along one of my tattoos, her eyes wide as she admired the designs covering my thighs.

Then the erection tenting my boxer briefs became the focus of her attention. Running her tongue over her upper lip, she skimmed her hand down my swollen shaft and cupped my balls through my shorts. The material dulled the sensation of her touch, leaving me with just a hint of how good it would feel when I was naked.

Finally, she yanked off my boxers, biting her lower lip to mask the involuntary gasp she emitted at the sight of my shaft. The look of awe on her face made me swell with pride. Then Violet sank to her knees and wrapped her ruby-red lips around the

tip of my dick, swirling her tongue over the sensitive head.

Curses fell from my lips as she released my cock from her mouth and slathered my shaft with her tongue, taking me from zero to 60 in seconds. My vision blurred, and I sagged against the counter where she had me hemmed in. Violet cupped my balls and stroked her thumb over my sac until I was aching with the desire to blow.

I needed to fucking come. Every nerve sizzled with unspent energy. I needed more. I needed her.

Violet enjoyed keeping me on the cusp and teased me once more by dancing her tongue along my dick. She noted every twitch of my thighs and flex of my fingers, using my tells to tweak her technique. The result was a combination of swirls and flicks that nearly blew my mind.

Ready to take over, I pulled Violet up to her full height, then took her in my arms to deposit her on the counter. The island placed her at the perfect level with my hips. She reclined and parted her legs. Then I whipped the sash from the loops of her robe and unwrapped her beautifully curvy body and glistening pussy.

Running the callused tip of my finger along Violet's slit made her shiver, and more juices seeped from her pussy. I sucked my dew-slickened digit into

my mouth, loving Violet's flavor on my flesh. It drove me wild, leaving me desperate to slam my dick into her. At the same time, I didn't want to rush the experience. Violet was like putty in my hands. She responded enthusiastically to every touch. I wanted to explore that further.

After spreading her lips to expose her entrance, I sank to my knees and swiped my tongue along her silky slit. Dragging my tongue along one swollen lip, then the other, I ignored Violet's desperate pleas for me to fuck her. Instead, I focused on savoring her unique flavor, working her with my mouth until she was so wet I could drown in her juices.

Violet's fingers raked through my hair, curving around the back of my head to jam my mouth onto her cunt. I speared her with my tongue, and her moan was like music to my ears. As she rocked against my face, I tongue-fucked her and sucked on her clit.

Juices streamed out of her excited pussy. I tried to lap up as much as I could, but then Violet began demanding, “Give me your cock!”

Jumping to my feet, I slammed my dick into Violet's snatch. She was like hot, wet velvet and her warm, welcoming flesh enveloped me, driving me wild with lust. I shoved my hands under her ass and clutched her plush cheeks. I pulled her to the very edge of the counter,



giving me the leverage required to drive into her like a jackhammer.

We writhed and bucked in a mad haste, desperate to get off. Violet was scrabbling for purchase, clutching my body as convulsions shook her. A sting sizzled along my back as her nails scraped my skin. The spark of pain sent another jolt to my groin, making my eyes roll to the back of my head.

The only thing keeping me grounded in reality was Violet's loud, passionate expressions of appreciation. She moaned with every thrust, gasping for breath as I slid from her depths. Her pleasure was like a drug. It didn't matter how badly I craved my own release. Hearing Violet moan made me want to fuck her forever. It seemed like her orgasm would never end, and her passionate sounds encouraged me to fuck her all the more.

After Violet stopped shaking, she didn't relax into a post-orgasmic haze. Instead, she wound her legs around my waist tightly, holding us closer than I would have thought possible. Rather than draw my dick out to the tip, I was forced to fuck her using short, brutal pumps.

The new position kept me balanced on the edge of an orgasmic explosion. The sensations I felt with each thrust of my dick felt magnified a hundredfold. My climax seemed so close, but it was just out of my reach. But that didn't appear to be the case for Violet. Those violent jabs of my dick were hitting her just right. She wasn't chasing pleasure; she was drowning in it, grunting and gasping as a never-ending orgasm robbed her ability to speak.

Violet's head tilted back, exposing a graceful neck that I scraped with my teeth. Her hands fell from my shoulders to her sides, just barely hitting the counter in time to catch herself from tumbling backward.

I slid my arms around Violet's back, pulling her flush against my chest while her pussy rippled around my cock. Every

twitch and pulse of her succulent flesh massaged my aching erection and eagerly pushed me toward the point of no return.

But not wanting to miss a moment of Violet's pleasure, I forced my eyes to stay open. She was leaning back, propped up on her elbows and perfectly displaying her breasts. The soft globes sat high on her chest, her nipples pointed toward me as if begging to be sucked. Slipping my hand behind Violet's back to brace myself, I bent down low to lap at her fleshy tits. She squirmed in my arms as I continued to pound my dick into her.

Every pump of my cock jiggled her breasts, making it difficult to catch her nipple between my lips, but I was determined and suckled on each of her tits. When I sucked or licked her nips, her pussy quivered, as if those rubbery nubs were hot-wired to her cunt. She was the most responsive woman I'd ever nailed, and I loved the way her body gave me cues to pleasure her.

My own crisis was fast approaching. All too soon, a jolt of pleasure shot down my spine to my groin. Every muscle in my body felt as if it had

tensed, making me that much more aware of my every motion while I continued to crash into her supple body.

Then Violet's pussy tightened, her walls clamping down hard on me and triggering an orgasm that knocked the breath out of my body. Hot come spurted from my cock, and I filled her with my cream. I was spent—literally. My climax seemed to drain the last of my energy.

After we both caught our breath and disengaged, Violet scrawled her signature on the work order and sent me on my way.

About an hour later, I received a call. Violet wanted to book another appointment for the very next week.

**—D.D., via email**

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# THE GETAWAY

A WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY IS JUST WHAT  
THESE CITY SLICKERS NEEDED.







“TWO DAYS OF NOTHING BUT  
PUSSY? I’VE FOUND PARADISE!”

—LAYLA



















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## HELP WANTED

A hunky artist answers Rosie's want ad—and fulfills all of her needs.

By Alison Tyler

Some women stop thinking—and others stop speaking—when they encounter a man as ruggedly good looking as the specimen who was standing in front of me. I hit the daily double, though; I neither thought nor spoke as we faced each other. Well, at least I didn't drool.

"You're looking for a hot dishwasher?" Jerry asked.

I gazed at him stupidly, almost as if there were an actual question mark hovering over my head.

He wasn't a complete stranger to me. Jerry had been in my little eatery from time to time over the past few weeks, sitting at the counter and drawing on a notepad. He'd ordered cups of coffee and always offered me a friendly smile.

The first day he'd shown up, I'd exchanged looks with my friend Amanda, wide-eyed because of his stunning physique. He was the type of guy who didn't seem to realize his effect on women. His mind always seemed to be elsewhere. He was often paint-splattered, bits of blue on his cheekbone, splashes of tangerine and lemon on his jeans. I'd grown accustomed to his schedule—showing up after lunch but before dinner.

Once I'd even managed to introduce myself under the guise of a concerned owner making sure her customers were satisfied. He correctly guessed my name was Rosie before I mentioned it, but that's easy since my place is called Rosie's. When our hands connected, I'd felt sparks between us. The rush of excitement left me tongue-tied, which was no matter because I'd approached him as he was preparing to leave. There hadn't been any time to fan those

magical sparks into flames.

But what was Jerry talking about now?

Oh, that's right. Amanda had said I needed to hire someone. She had told me, "You wear a chef's hat, a waitress's apron, um, a restaurateur's underpants."

"Underpants?"

"Whatever. I'm assuming you wear underpants."

"Boy shorts." The striped pink ones that day, with a row of delicate pearl

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**"HE GAVE ME  
A LOOK, THE ONE  
THAT SAID HE  
WAS THINKING  
SOMETHING  
DIRTY."**

---

buttons down the front. Not that anyone was going to undo them, or even see them. Nobody but me had gotten a glimpse of my panties since I'd opened my small café the year before. I was too busy dealing with all aspects of the business to even think about satisfying my libido.

"You wear all the hats and clothes," Amanda had continued as she poured herself a cup of my coffee. "And you do everything."

"But I've got you."

"Well, that's the thing..."

I looked at her, and the light finally

went on. She's my best friend, and she'd been helping me manage my messy life in between her Master's studies and what she'd hoped was an acceptance to her chosen doctoral program. She'd pulled an envelope from her bag and showed me the letter that held good news for her—and bad news for me. She was leaving, and I needed to hire help.

"You're looking for a hot dishwasher?" Jerry repeated a little more emphatically, clearly hoping for a response.

He removed a folded white sheet of paper from his back pocket, spread the flyer out on the counter and pointed to the words. I was staring at his jeans. The dark denim fit him to perfection, and I suddenly experienced a wave of jealousy toward his hand for thrusting so nonchalantly into his pocket. His hand could go wherever it wanted to! I wanted to put *my* hand in his pocket... but not the back one. Maybe I could reach my fingers into that little useless pocket near the button fly, and stroke...

"Right here," he said, pointing downward. I dumbly looked at the paper on the counter, at the bold black letters that read: Hot Dishwasher Wanted.

*What?!*

Amanda had helped me with the flyer. I'd dictated, and she'd typed. Then she'd printed off the sheets and pinned them to bulletin boards at the post office, the library and the university. She had really wanted to set me up before taking off. I appreciated every bit of her help, because I knew I couldn't do it all on my own. I realized that now.

After "Hot Dishwasher" was a brief description of duties and the address and phone number for my restaurant.

"Oh!" I blushed. "That was supposed to read host *and* dishwasher," I said,



more to myself than to him. "Host. Not Hot. Host."

Had Amanda made the typo on purpose, in the hope of finding me not only a new employee but also a new boyfriend?

"What a difference a letter makes," Jerry said wryly, his voice an easygoing drawl. "An extra 'S' changes desert to dessert...crew to screw...hot to host."

I wanted to screw him and eat him for dessert. I could imagine every luscious lick, my tongue tracing over his lips, then heading lower...

"I wasn't sure if the ad was for real or not," he continued in response to my silence, "and I didn't know if you would think I was hot. I mean, that's always subjective, isn't it? What's hot to one person can be something else to the next."

Blue eyes. Black hair. Partially unbuttoned shirt that let me see a bit of his chest hair. I had fantasized from time to time about Jerry, whenever I found myself in bed with a few wispy moments of consciousness before sleep took me away.

I swallowed and said, "You're hot. Trust me."

He grinned. "But am I hot enough to host?"

"You're hot enough to do anything you want to," I babbled. And then I caught myself, looked down and blushed.

It had been so long since I'd bantered this way with a man. I had clearly forgotten how to flirt, how to engage in small talk that leads to...well, fucking. All I wanted to do was tear off his clothes and see his naked body. He was talking, though, so I worked hard to tune back in.

"I moved to town a month ago," he explained. "I have a place, but I need work. Your restaurant is perfect because I live around the corner. I could be here whenever you need me."

I needed him, all right.

"What have you been doing since



# EROTICA

you've moved to town?" I asked, curious.

He pulled out his notepad—the book I'd seen him draw in while he drank coffee—and he showed me a few sketches: my pies behind glass, one of me in motion, my curls pinned up in a bun, my wide smile.

"You're an artist?" I asked.

"That's what the paint tells me," he said.

"Your paint talks to you?"

"Don't your ingredients?"

I thought about that. Sometimes, the recipes do whisper to me. They tell me to add a bit more of that or to hold back on the other. I have visions when I walk through the farmer's market, images of future meals I might make. *What if I paired those figs with steak? Or that cheese with melon?* I can imagine the flavors even if I've never combined them before. Was it the same with him but with hues?

"Yes," he said, "I'm an artist, but I need some extra work. I landed an inexpensive studio. But I still need to eat."

When he said eat, he looked at me. I looked right back at him. I told myself to mute my desires, but he was so damn

chiseled. He had muscular arms and a blinding smile that unnerved me totally. Staring at him, I felt loose-limbed and unhinged. I would have melted right then, but I had nobody to sponge me up.

"Let's see how you do tonight washing dishes," I said, making an executive decision. "That's what I need help with the most right now."

"You mean I'm hired?" He looked ecstatic.

"Right this second. Work the dinner shift. If you can hack it, we'll decide on a schedule."

"Sounds like a plan," Jerry replied with clear enthusiasm and what sounded to me like a hint of relief.

"Let's get you started," I said, heading into the kitchen. Jerry followed close behind.

I handed him an apron, which he tied on before rolling up his sleeves.

We worked well together, even though the kitchen was cramped. He swiveled when I swayed. While I was flipping burgers, he was washing the pans. I've never been a dancer, but I recognized we shared a good rhythm.

In a space as small as mine, that's important—getting into the groove. When I had my hands full, he even managed to seat a few people. He was as adept with the washing as he was with winning over the customers.

Jerry made it through the evening shift, staying until the bitter end—or in our case, until the last crumb of apple brown betty was gone. Once we'd shut the door, flipped the sign to "closed" and drew all the blinds, he pulled up a stool and sat down to say, "So..."

"So?"

"I have a confession. I was pretty sure your flyer was wrong, but I thought I'd play along. But I need to know the company policy on employee dating."

That caught me off guard. I didn't have any other employees. Couldn't he see that? Now that Amanda had moved on, this was a one-woman operation. No excess baggage. Nothing up my sleeves.

"Dating policy?"

He stood and pulled the tie of his apron. The white cotton fluttered to the floor, and then he pulled the tie on mine, making it do the same. Suddenly, I wanted him to tie my wrists with apron strings and fuck me over the counter—to spoon whipped cream on my skin and lick me clean. All those fantasies people have about what restaurants workers do after hours—every last one occurred to me in the few seconds before he stripped my white top off and waited for me to kick off my shiny black clogs and pull down my black-and-white checkered pants. Then I was standing there, hip cocked, in my panties and skimpy bra top.

He gave me a look, the one that said he was thinking something dirty. The one I was probably wearing as well, because my thoughts were dirty, too. He took off his own clothes, and we both stared at one another, drinking each other in.

Hot dishwasher wanted.

That's what the sign had said. But





is that what I'd really wanted? No, I wanted more. I wanted someone I could bounce ideas off of—as well as bounce myself on. I hadn't thought I was lonely. I mean, how could I be when I was always surrounded by customers ordering meals and vendors dropping off supplies. How could I be unfulfilled when my place was so happy? The stereo playing love songs. The pink shades over the lights cast a soothing, warm glow.

But the truth was I had been lonely, and I learned in a flash that Jerry was the type of man who made me feel at home—even though we weren't. In no time we were on the counter top, with me on my back and his thick cock poised over my lips while his mouth was a whisper away from my pussy. There was a moment when I think we were both holding our breath. But then we exhaled and surged into motion, like we had done all night, but this time in a more sexy way.

I was lapping at his dick, while he flicked his tongue against my clit. I should have known our night would end that way. Every move we'd made that evening had brought us there. The winks and smiles, the way my heart had beat faster each time he'd said my name—all those pent-up desires came tumbling free.

He sucked on my clit until behind my shut eyes I saw glittery gilded sparks, flickers of neon light. I was parched from my lack of pleasure. I had been cruising on empty, running on fumes, and I hadn't even realized it. When you're hungry, you make yourself food. If you're thirsty, you pour a drink. I'd been lust-starved, and somehow I'd forgotten to take care of that primal need. Jerry was my oasis, and I took from him what I needed, sucking his cock and making him groan against my slit as I worked him as hard as he worked me.

Jerry's thick, dark hair tickled my thighs as his five-o'clock shadow



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**“I WAS LAPPING  
AT HIS DICK,  
WHILE HE  
FLICKED HIS  
TONGUE AGAINST  
MY CLIT.”**

---

rasped against my tender skin. He used his teeth perfectly, nipping my cunt-flesh before using his tongue to lap at my clit. I shoved my pussy hard against his face, wanting more of everything. I didn't have the ability to hold back. I'd waited too long for this kind of satisfaction.

Jerry anchored me in place with his big hands on the swell of my hips, and he nuzzled his face against my entire slit before bringing his tongue back into play. I told him I was coming a second

before I did. I let him know I couldn't stop myself. He didn't slow down. He kept right at me with his tongue flicking and licking my clit until I shattered, so decimated that I lay back on the chilled counter and sighed.

After that, Jerry was the one who put us into motion, setting the table for our next course, so to speak. He stood me up and had me bend across the counter before sliding his spit-slickened dick between my thighs. He moved so slowly, letting my lust simmer, but soon I was boiling over. I couldn't believe he had such self-control. I wanted to race to dessert—I wanted the fireworks finale, all at once. But Jerry wouldn't be rushed and worked me at his own pace.

With every beautiful thrust of his dick, he took me higher. I was staring at the pies behind the glass, the whipped toppings, the glazed cherries perched on cakes. I could see myself in the reflection of the glass, could see him behind me, and I felt whipped myself. Light and airy inside. He stirred me with his dick and then plunged inside me once more. When I was right on the

# EROTICA



edge, he started talking.

"You keep up a solid façade."

"What do you mean?" I asked breathlessly.

"You act as if you can do everything yourself, don't you? But everyone can use a hand now and then." At these words, he brought one of his beneath my body and tweaked my clit with his fingertips, and then he began stroking me in time with his thrusts. Everything was coming together in exactly the right way.

"What else do you want?" Jerry suddenly asked, surprising me out of my pleasure-induced haze. "You wanted a hot dishwasher. What else? What else do you need?"

His sketchbook was open on the counter. I saw the picture he'd drawn

of my face. Then he flipped the page for me, and I saw what we were doing now, the two of us fantasy fucking. In the drawing, he was behind me, while I was a hot mess of tumbling curls and parted lips. That's what I looked like in my head. Well stirred. Drizzled. So he'd fantasized as I'd fantasized He'd wanted what I did.

"Tell me," he said. "Tell me exactly what you need."

I wanted to be astride him. I wanted to push him down on the tiles and climb aboard his powerful pole. As soon as I uttered the words, he settled back on the cool checkered floor and told me to ride him. I did, impaling myself on his glossy rod, and began to pump myself up and down. He cradled my breasts in his hands, his thumbs flicking against my erect nipples. I

ground my pussy against him, gaining the contact I required to take myself where I needed to go. He let me find my groove, and then he joined in, rubbing my clit with his thumb—rubbing softly, now that I'd already climaxed once. He seemed to understand I needed a lighter touch until I was ready, really ready, for the next burst of pleasure.

We were wired together in the most intimate fashion. He gripped me and flipped us once more. I was on my back while he was poised above me. He drove his cock hard inside me, and I wrapped my thighs around him and pulled him in deeper. When he came, he took me with him, finding that pure rhythm that brought us both to our peaks.

Breathless, we lay back together, side



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**“HE DROVE HIS  
COCK HARD  
INSIDE ME, AND  
I WRAPPED  
MY THIGHS  
AROUND HIM.”**

---

by side. He wrapped one arm around me and held me to him. If I'd been honest when Amanda had asked me what I'd needed, I would have written:

Hot Dishwasher Wanted: for fucking after-hours and sex on the sly—for fulfilling desires...so many desires, with whipped cream and a cherry on top. All the cherries, glistening and dipped in syrup...

Yeah, that was definitely something I needed.

My phone rang, and I had a horrible realization: “Amanda put those signs all over town!”

Jerry laughed as I answered the line, naked. He seemed to appreciate that I put on a professional voice as I said, “Rosie’s. How can I help you?” Nobody would be able to guess that I was standing in my restaurant entirely nude as slippery sex juices coated my thighs.

Jerry used his discarded apron as a pillow, getting comfortable while he watched me listen to the caller’s story. It was someone querying about the job and taking the time to kindly let me know I had a typo in the flyer.

“The position’s been filled,” I said, smiling at Jerry.

“Let me fill it again,” Jerry whispered as I hung up the phone.

And that’s when I knew I’d found exactly who I’d been looking for all this time. ☪





## SPOTLIGHT ON THREE FOR ALL

### HOUSE PARTY

Patrick and Annie open their bedroom to a third to double her pleasure.

By Patrick Farley

**M**y wife, Annie, has a knack for drawing men's attention, and I couldn't help but notice Bill noticing her.

She has always been quite noticeable. She is fairly tall and willowy, with small, pert breasts and flaming red hair that has never seen a bottle of dye. Her eyes are a startling blue, and her cheeks almost always appear slightly flushed, as if someone has just whispered something dirty in her ear.

That night she was wearing a black dress and black boots and big silver earrings. She'd applied very little makeup, and she was laughing at someone's joke. All that added up to her being completely stunning and getting quite a bit of male attention. But Bill, well, poor Bill looked downright smitten.

My wife glanced at me and gave a little finger wave, and then went back to her conversation. A moment later her gaze returned to me as if she'd read my mind or felt my emotions. I nodded pointedly at poor, lovestruck Bill and then headed his way.

She studied him for a moment, then gave me a subtle nod of approval. Then her full attention was back on her friends, and I was left to do my thing.

I do it so well.

"Hi, Bill. Enjoying yourself?"

He started when I snuck up behind him, no doubt wondering if I'd seen him ogling my wife.

"Good...um, yes," he finished weakly. "Thanks for having me."

"We're glad to have you," I said, while thinking that we'd be even happier to have him in another way, too. I took his empty cup and led him to the small bar area we'd set up in the corner of the living room. This took us closer to where Annie was standing.

I served him another beer from the keg and nodded in her general direction. "Have you met my wife, Annie? I don't think I've made the rounds yet with all of my coworkers."

"Just to say hi at the door," Bill replied, swallowing hard before downing half of his fresh beer in seconds. Yeah, he was a little nervous.

I took his elbow and led him along like a child. "Well, that was rude of me. Let me introduce you. You'll like my wife." I

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**"I GLANCED  
AT ANNIE'S FACE.  
SHE RETURNED  
MY GAZE WITH  
SEX-DRUNK  
EYES."**

---

squeezed his elbow slightly when I said the words and felt his body go rigid.

If I were a meaner guy I'd have laughed.

Instead, I waved at Annie and called out, "I neglected to introduce you two because I'm a rude ass."

She laughed as we approached and held out her hand just as I said, "Bill, this is Annie. Annie, this is Bill. We work together in the trenches."

"Ah, those dreaded banking trenches." I saw her hand flex as she squeezed his.

Bill's face went red, and he uttered a desperate sound.

I gave them a topic—the snowstorm we'd had the week before—and then I wandered off to fetch a plate of food to

bring back to our sudden three-person party. If I plied him with liquor, lust and appetizers, maybe he'd join me in fucking my wife.

Later, when I got him alone, it was a pretty straightforward conversation.

"Bill, Annie and I like to invite someone to join us for a threesome from time to time."

He raised an eyebrow. His blush got deeper, and he shifted from one foot to the other. But to his credit, he didn't flinch.

"I see," he managed to say with some difficulty.

"We'd like that to be you. If you can swing it."

I nearly laughed at my pun, but I managed to tamp down my chuckle.

"I think I can," he said, sounding a little more confident. His eyes strayed to my wife. I saw him tracking her trim body, her curves, the way she moved.

"Excellent. Then you should come back tomorrow night when it's just us. We can have some drinks. We can have some conversation. We can have some sex."

His gaze shot to mine, and I smiled. "She's really quite good. Very tight, hot, wet pussy. Giving in bed. She can suck a cock like nobody's business and truly enjoys doing it." I put my hand on his shoulder. "And we all know that's the secret to good cock-sucking."

I could see, after just a quick glance, that his dick had gotten hard. His khakis were tented as I continued to speak.

"She likes to be taken from behind. She likes to be taken face-to-face. She likes it up the ass—"

His eyes went wide, and I let the sentence trail off.

"What time?" he asked me.

"Say six?"

"I'll be here."

I watched him wander through the





crowd and go into the guest bathroom.

Annie followed my gaze as two women chatted with her. Seeing Bill depart, she glanced at me. I winked, and she grinned. She licked her lips and excused herself, saying something to the shorter blonde that made the woman laugh. Then my Annie headed toward the guest bathroom.

I watched her hip check the doorknob, which only the two of us knew would jar it just enough to pop the lock. We'd been meaning to get it fixed forever but never had. She gave me another little wave and then went inside the small room. She shut the door behind her.

I waited, with my heart pounding and my cock straining against my pants. I wanted to hear about what she'd seen and did inside that little room.

When she came out a few moments later, she headed down the hall toward the laundry room. That part of the house was dark. No one was back there.

I quickly followed, weaving through the crowd and shouting out greetings. I waved to guests but never stopped.

I locked the connecting door between the living room and the laundry area. She was in the corner by the washer, with her back pressed to the wall.

"Well?" I said to my co-conspirator.

"Well, our guest was having quite a go at himself." She giggled and held her hands out for me.

I stepped into her offered embrace and grabbed her hips. I kissed her mouth and then ran my lips down her slender neck. I scraped my teeth over her collarbone, and she shivered.

"He was jerking off?"

"You bet he was. He was jerking off like crazy, and when I walked in and surprised him, he came."

"The very sight of you made him climax."

"Something like that."

I hauled her closer to me so she could feel how hard my cock was. I kissed her again. "What did you do?"

She shrugged and touched my lower lip. I sucked her fingertip into my mouth and drew on it the way I would her nipple or her clit. She hummed softly, her big eyes drifting shut.

"I leaned down and sucked his dick into my mouth. Just the tip."

I growled in her ear. "And him?"

"He made a little whimpering noise, and then I asked him if I would be 'seeing him again tomorrow.' He nodded. So I smiled at him and walked out."

I shoved her short black dress up around her waist and yanked her lace panties down. She kicked them off and spread her legs for me. I pushed my fingers into her pussy and found her unbelievably wet.

"Fuck me," she whispered against my mouth. "Fuck me right here, right now."

I undid my fly and popped my button. I let my pants slide down to my knees, and then I hooked my arm under her leg and hiked it up, spreading her pussy open for me. She arched her body against me. I felt her slick wetness meet my cock and snarled in her ear.

I drove into her, pressing her back hard against the wall. She sighed into my mouth as I rammed into her. She held me when I tried to withdraw, keeping me close and tight to her body so I was

# LETTERS

## ▷ SPOTLIGHT ON THREE FOR ALL



driving into her with short, brutal thrusts.

"Fuck me through the wall," she demanded, chuckling darkly in my ear.

I pinned her there, pounding her hard as she whispered in my ear, "I sucked the tip of him, tasted his come, watched his face. He was so surprised. And salty..."

I groaned.

"I licked him, and soon you'll see him lick me. And fuck me."

I came, and she came with me, her body milking my cock as I emptied into her.

She brushed her vibrant hair behind her ear and smiled.

"I have to go fix my makeup, handsome. We have a party to get back to."

I took a moment to let my body regulate itself before returning to the party.

Bill had already left. I would have bet money he went for round two with his cock when he got home, remembering my wife sucking his dick in the bathroom.

The next night, he showed up right on time. I poured us each a drink. Beer for the boys. Wine for Annie, but I knew for a fact she wouldn't drink it. She never did beforehand, but sometimes our guests wanted a little booze to loosen up, and she felt it was good to at least hold a glass to put them at ease.

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**"I WATCHED  
HIM TONGUE  
HER THROUGH  
THE PANTIES,  
WHICH DROVE  
HER WILD."**

---

"So, you don't...mind?" Bill asked me, downing half his IPA in a single draw.

"No. I enjoy it as much as she does. If anything, you can look at it as just something else we do as a couple."

He turned bright red but gave a nod of understanding, then quickly finished his beer.

He let out a breath and all of a sudden, looked a bit more at ease.

"Don't worry about a thing," I said to Bill. "It'll be fun."

"It's cool. I'm not worried, I swear."

"Can we possibly worry about little old me?" Annie asked, batting her eyelashes as she set her untouched glass of wine down gently on the sidebar.

"I think we can do that," I told my wicked wife.

"I don't think that's a problem at all," Bill chimed in.

Annie turned on her heels and started toward the steps. "Good. Follow me. I'm the one with the pussy and"—she glanced over her shoulder swaying her hips—"this ass."

"Oh, that ass," I said appreciatively.

We followed her dutifully, and I was glad to see Bill now looked more eager and less nervous. He was smiling as we followed my wife upstairs.

In the bedroom, Annie turned and asked, "Who's going to undress me?"

I nodded to Bill. "Be our guest."

Bill stepped forward, losing some of his cool and looking like he might faint.

"Don't be shy," Annie said encouragingly. She took his hands and guided him to the tie on her cashmere sweater. He pulled the bow, and the garment opened at the neck. Then Annie put her hands in the air and said, "Off."

He pulled the sweater up over her head, and her hair flared around her lovely face. Beneath she wore a gray bra. He ran his fingers over the lace, and I saw her nipples pebble beneath. She moaned softly, and he pinched her nubs through the thin fabric. Then he unhooked the back strap, and she shrugged the bra off.

He stepped in and grabbed ahold of her breasts. He squeezed, and she sighed, moving her hips as if to urge him on with the desperate language of her body. Bill skimmed his hands down her sides, swept them across her belly, slid them down her hips, and then cupped that perfect heart-shaped ass I adore.

"Take off my pants," she said. Then she cast me a coy glance.

I watched him, waiting and hoping he'd get a move on because, Jesus Christ, I wanted to stick my cock in her somewhere. My wife never failed to excite me. Ever.

He pushed her velour leggings down. I watched as he revealed her hips, her gray



lace panties, her calves, her ankles. She'd stayed barefoot to keep shit simple.

When she stood there in only her undies, he did something I hadn't anticipated. He dropped to his knees and put his face to the gusset of her panties. His mouth pressed to her mound, and she shut her eyes and snapped her hips forward. I watched him tongue her through the panties, an act—which I knew for a fact—drove her wild.

"Pull them down," I said, finally, because I was losing my mind watching and not acting.

He tugged them down slowly—making me wait, making her wait. Maybe Bill was getting the hang of this, after all.

She stepped out of her panties, and he left them on the floor. He pushed her stance a bit wider, held her hips and slid his tongue along her folds. Annie shoved a hand in his hair and humped his face. He clutched her hips tighter to keep her from moving. She whimpered when his tongue finally found her clit. She shut her eyes and let her head fall back as he ate her energetically.

Bill's fingers dug into her flesh, his grip so tight I could see where her skin blanched. He licked her harder, and she forced her eyes open wide and looked at me. I started to take my clothes off, and she watched me with heavy lids. Then she came, suddenly, her teeth worrying her lower lip. Bill sat back and looked at her with a glossy mug.

I moved fast, picking up my wife and depositing her on the bed. While I was at it, Bill took the opportunity to finally undress.

"On your belly," I said, and Annie immediately obeyed.

She was splayed out across the bed, and I motioned for Bill to get behind her.

"Take her," I instructed.

Annie moaned, but Bill just nodded. He got up on the bed and yanked on her hips, raising her onto her knees. Her ass swayed as she egged him on. Bill just gazed at her, pulled her cheeks apart and



# LETTERS

## ▷ SPOTLIGHT ON THREE FOR ALL



### **“MY COCK WAS SO HARD I COULD BARELY STAND IT. I ACHED TO EMPTY INTO HER.”**

peered at her pink, wet flesh. He ran his hands across her plump ass cheeks and then slipped a finger inside her cunt. I glanced at Annie's face. She returned my gaze with shiny, sex-drunk eyes.

“Enter her slowly,” I said, reaching down to stroke her cheek.

She turned her head and sucked my finger into her mouth. She drew on it hard, then soft, then hard again. My cock twitched. It was so hard I could barely stand it. I ached to empty into her. Instead, I ran my thumb along her lower lip, and her mouth popped open. But I just stood there, watching while Bill sank his dick into her slowly, as I had instructed.

His pelvis was flush against her ass when he was fully seated. She whimpered, her pussy packed full.

“Good?” I asked.

“Very good,” she sighed.

“Bill!”

Bill looked at me and cocked an eyebrow. His hands moved restlessly along my wife's ass, the backs of her thighs, her sides.

“Slow. Deep. Stay deep, and don't go crazy. Don't try to fuck her into next week or anything. With Annie, slow and steady wins the orgasms.”

I chuckled, and she blushed. She

pushed back against him, urging him to move with her body. He accepted my coaching and kept his body close to hers. He barely withdrew before thrusting deep again.

I finally gave in to my cravings and dragged the tip of my achingly hard cock along her lips, spreading my pre-come like gloss.

Annie licked her lips, darting that pretty pink tongue of hers out to lap at my cockhead. I curled my fingers in her hair and looked down at her. “How's he doing?”

“Good, good...” She shut her eyes. “Very good.”

Bill seemed to be doing a number on my wife's vocabulary, which was shrinking by the second. I'd heard enough, though, and filled her face with my dick. In response, she sucked, drawing on me gently and working her tongue along my shaft. Bill and I locked eyes across the lovely expanse of her back. She reared toward him every time he drove into her.

“Stick your finger in her asshole,” I said. “She'll love it.”

He blushed a thousand shades of red but drove his thumb into her ass slowly. He shut his eyes and clenched his jaw. I nearly did the same as Annie moaned

rapturously around my shaft.

“Don't you come,” I warned Bill, “not yet. You need to make her climax one more time.”

He nodded and clenched his jaw even more tightly.

I held her lovely face and shoved myself into her throat. She sucked air in through her nose and her eyes watered, but she sucked and sucked and took me deep. The way she always does.

“What a sweet mouth,” I said. “I won't last long. Watching him fuck you. Feeling your mouth on my dick.”

“Put your right leg up, Bill!”

He looked surprised but put his right foot on the bed. Still fucking her. Still pushing his thumb in and out of her asshole.

Annie sighed and shoved herself back against him. She mewled.

“That's the magic spot,” I said. “You found it.”

He grunted, held her hips, pushed deep into her pussy, and she increased her pressure on my cock.

“That's it. That's what our girl needs.”

She whimpered, sucking me, lapping at me, trying to focus on sucking my dick and failing. It didn't matter. Seeing her in such a frenzy is what pushed me closer to the edge. I wanted to see his come decorating her pale, freckled skin. I wanted to feel my cock empty into the plush warmth of her mouth.



He kept his leg up; he kept fucking her slow and deep and then his eyes went wide.

I looked down at Annie. "Are you wet, darling?"

She nodded a bit and only sucked me harder.

"Like a river," Bill added.

"She's close," I said. "Keep going. Deeper. A little faster."

He complied, and I heard—and felt—Annie groan. He pistoned his hips faster, and I fucked her mouth a little harder. Her lips tightened around my shaft, even as her tongue swirled and lapped at me. And then she stopped, her mouth falling open and her body convulsing. She cried out as she came, and Bill hissed, "Jesus, she's drenched."

"Don't you come inside her," I said. "Shoot on her back. On her ass."

He nodded, his jaw tight and his face red.

I looked down at her. "Suck that cock, baby. Take my cock. All of it."

She let me fill her throat once again. She sucked me softly at first but quickly amped up her intensity. I gripped her hair and felt the velvet wet warmth of her tongue on my length. Her mouth was so hot, so perfect.

I grunted, losing my grip. I came, filling her throat and her mouth. But she never broke her stride, lapping at me and drinking down my cream.

Bill was watching, and the sight of me coming seemed to flip a switch in him. He pulled free of her at the last second and gripped his cock hard, giving it a few short jerks. Then he painted her lovely skin with his come. Thick white ropes of it splashed her round ass.

She arched back, groaning and writhing.

Bill had been a good choice. I wondered if we could grab dinner and regroup before enjoying another encounter. I looked at Annie, and I could tell—she was wondering the exact same thing. ◊





# DOUBLE VISION

DANNY CAN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK WHEN HE'S  
BOOKENDED BY TWO HOT BLONDES.









“ALEXIS AND I LOVE TAG-TEAMING  
A HANDSOME HUNK!”

—BRITNEY

















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# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## ENCORE

Long ago lovers come face-to-face for the first time in years—to make dirty new memories.

Getting prepared for the merger negotiations between my firm and a rival took weeks. When the time came I was ready. I was set to bring all my skills to the table as I represented my company's interests. But when I walked into that stately conference room and saw Annabelle, my mouth went dry, my heart leapt in my chest, and my cock stiffened.

None of those reactions were going to help me that day. The look that Annabelle gave me in return assured me that in addition to recognizing me, she remembered our wild past as well. She appeared just as shocked to see me as I was to see her.

When we were in college, we'd had a short but torrid affair—and had even once recorded ourselves in the act. Looking back, it was hard for me to believe I'd been so wild.

In all my prep work for this deal, somehow I hadn't noticed the name of the other company's negotiator. Evidently, the same thing had happened with her.

We sat across from each other, still staring goggle-eyed. Our assistants started to stir uneasily. I gave Annabelle a subtle shrug. She tried a crooked little smile, then winked. I winked back. It seemed to indicate we would be okay for these proceedings, which were expected to last all weekend at this conference center.

So we delved into the meat of the financial matters. Right away I saw her talent. It was no surprise; she'd been a brilliant student. But I met her feint for feint, blow for blow. I caught a glimmer of appreciation in her eyes. We dueled the afternoon away, trading facts and figures across the wide mahogany table.

Some part of me kept replaying old memories, though. She was as beautiful as she was smart. Our affair might have been brief, but the sex was intense. We'd drifted apart with no hard feelings shortly after we'd made our dirty movie, but suddenly she was in front of me once again.

The erotic memories were what had stayed with me over the years since I'd graduated and become a significant figure at my firm. I vividly recalled how Annabelle and I had romped naked

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**“WHEN SHE  
CRIED OUT WITH  
ANOTHER FIERCE  
CLIMAX, IT WAS  
MY CUE  
TO UNLOAD.”**

---

before the camera, how she had sucked my cock down to the hilt, and how her pussy had tasted as I'd licked her. I remembered fucking her and how she'd squealed with pleasure.

At dinnertime we adjourned for the day. It had been a good bargaining session, with each of our companies gaining and giving a little, just as it should be. I almost impulsively asked Annabelle if she wanted to dine with me, but that would have been inappropriate. So we withdrew separately from the meeting space.

After dinner, I went up to my room and studied some paperwork so that

I'd be prepared for the next day. Part of the next day's proceedings would be video depositions from various corporate personnel who were involved in the merger. The recording equipment I was going to use was propped up in the corner.

My attention kept straying to the camera. I remembered how nervous I'd been about getting naked in front of one all those years ago. Annabelle had convinced me it was a sexy idea, and her excitement spurred me on to perform.

Once we'd gotten nude, I was transfixed by her lovely unclothed body and forgot all about the camera. She had high firm breasts and a trim torso. Her legs were taut and the swells of her ass were perfect. Desire had burned deeply within me.

We were actually going to fuck for posterity! I groped her tits, and the touch of her soft flesh sent a skittering thrill through me. Her nipples hardened to stiff points, and color touched her face.

She reached down and fondled my balls, and before long we went tumbling together onto the bed. Annabelle wanted us to do just about everything. She said she'd suck my cock for a bit, then I was supposed to eat her pussy. Finally I would fuck her, pulling out to spray my come on her tits, like we were porn stars.

That all sounded pretty hot to me. She started to go down on me, and I had to use every ounce of energy in my body to keep from blowing my wad at the first amazing touch of her talented tongue. She sucked me down to my balls, and I cried out, clawing at the bed on either side of my undulating body. She gave fantastic head, and having the camera trained on us only heightened my excitement. My hips jerked underneath me, driving my cock deeper into her



mouth. She took every one of my thrusts, and I felt my cockhead delve into her clasp throat. It was spectacular.

Before I could shoot, we reversed positions, and I slurped and sucked on her pussy. Her taste was tart and delicious. Her juices flowed over my chin as I speared her with my tongue and then attacked her clit, which was puffy and swollen. She seized my hair and pulled my face tighter against her. Her body quaked, tightening like a bowstring, and then relaxed. Had she really just climaxed—or was she acting for our film?

The sudden idea that someone else might view our tape seriously excited me. I imagined crowds of viewers, an unknown audience watching my cock sliding in and out her. They would all get aroused by the sight of me fucking her.

I screwed Annabelle according to her desired script. I pounded her hard, and with every thrust of my cock into her pussy, she responded, writhing and gasping. Her fingers dug into my shoulders and her eyes sparkled with lust.

When she cried out with another fierce climax, it was my cue to pull out and unload. I did it, jetting my spunk onto her beautiful heaving tits and letting the camera record every shimmering, white drop.

Nothing changed between Annabelle and me after the filming. We didn't become closer, but we didn't avoid each other, either. Eventually we drifted apart, but I'd never forgotten the intimacy we had shared, even if it was temporary. I still have a copy of that tape, and I hoped she did, too.

The night after our reunion, I tried to get some sleep, but I was too restless. I went down to the lobby bar for a drink. It was late and nobody was around. Well, almost nobody.

Across the room Annabelle saw me and lifted her glass. I approached her hesitantly.

"I promise not to say anything about



# LETTER OF THE MONTH

the negotiations,” she said, holding her hands up.

“I’ll take that as legally binding,” I joked, taking a seat at the cozy table with her. I sipped my drink, feeling a little guilty about the explicit memories I’d been reliving.

She still looked great, with a pert figure and a face that had only gotten prettier as time had passed.

“So how weird is this?” I blurted out. She chuckled, and we talked a while about our personal lives. Neither of us had married, but we’d both obviously become successful in our careers.

At one point, there was a lull in our conversation. She looked at me and asked shyly, “Do you ever regret making that video?”

I’d planned to say something blasé, but I stopped myself and instead looked her in the eyes.

“No. I remember it...fondly,” I told her honestly. I bit my lip. That might have just been the most wrong thing I could have said. Maybe she had regrets.

But she smiled. “I think it was the ballsiest thing I ever did. No pun intended.”

I laughed. But before I could stop myself, I asked, “Did you just pretend to come that hard for the cameras, or did you—” I cut myself off, horrified. I was asking an unbelievably personal question. I knocked back the rest of my cocktail and got ready to make an apology.

But none was needed. Her hand reached across the table to touch mine. In a soft voice she said, “They were real. I got so caught up in the moment. That night I had my best orgasms—ever.”

Again, my mouth was dry, my heart leaping and my cock straining against the confines of my pants, just like when I’d first seen her that morning.

“I had no idea,” I replied in wonder.

“Not a week has gone that I haven’t thought about you—and our little movie.” She grinned, looking both wicked and bashful.

I tugged on her hand, leaning across the table at the same time. Our lips touched in a gentle kiss. Electricity sparked through me. What she’d said had reshaped my memories. She had come with my tongue in her, with my

cock in her. Those intense moments hadn’t been fake.

“Would you like to come to my room?” I asked hoarsely.

She nodded vigorously, and we went upstairs. My body crackled with anticipation, and her eyes danced with desire. Not wanting anybody from our companies to see us together, we approached my room cautiously, keeping a polite distance from one another.

But once the door to my suite was shut, Annabelle threw herself into my arms. We kissed deeply, our tongues delving and our hips grinding. I pulled her even tighter against me, feeling how taut and supple she was. She crushed her perky tits against me, reaching around to grope my ass. I pressed my crotch to hers. She rubbed herself against my blatant bulge.

We drifted slowly toward the big bed, but I was already overheating in my clothes before we had made any real progress in that direction. We broke off our kiss to start undressing. Annabelle’s gaze went past me. She laughed.

“Hey, you’ve got a camera!”

I hastily explained the video equipment as she walked over to examine it. She said, “I still have the copy of our movie, you know. I’ve watched it dozens of times.”

That stunned me. So did her next words: “You want to make another?”

The thought was so exciting it froze me for a moment. Then I hurried to set the camera on its tripod near the bed, framed the shot and looked at her. “You’re sure?”

“Turn the fucker on,” she said, stepping into the frame to peel off her clothes. She tossed away her blouse and skirt, then freed her lovely breasts from her bra. She slid her lacy panties down her toned legs, revealing her shaven pussy.

She beckoned to me. Feeling a small touch of nerves, I stepped into the shot. I remembered the first—and last—time I’d been nude on camera. Like the previous





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## **“I FOUND MYSELF SETTLING BETWEEN HER LEGS, AND HER PUSSY GLEAMED INVITINGLY.”**

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time, Annabelle intervened to ease my anxiety. She unbuttoned my shirt and unfastened my slacks. When I stood naked before her, she studied me for a moment, appreciatively. She reached for my aching hard cock, pulling me toward her for another torrid kiss.

We moved onto the bed, lying down side by side. I caressed her breasts, finding her nipples as stiff as the last time I'd stroked them. She cupped my balls and gently squeezed, making pleasure ripple through me.

The past roared in my head. Old images and sensations tore through my brain, but the present was so much better. With every touch, our connection became more real. I knew this woman actually wanted me, and my desire for her wasn't wasted.

I moved down to suck on her tits. I licked the upper slopes and silky undersides of those gorgeous mounds. I nibbled her sharp nips as she mewled with growing arousal. As she rolled onto her back, I continued to kiss my way down her flat belly. She squealed when I flicked my tongue at her navel.

Then I found myself settling between her outspread legs, and her pussy gleamed invitingly. Her taste was still stored in my memory. I inhaled and drew in her excited aroma. Finally, I unfurled my tongue and traced the tip over her damp cunt lips. She wriggled

wildly on the broad bed.

I parted her pussy folds and sampled the sweet sting of her personal flavor. The taste of her raised gooseflesh all over me. I slid my tongue in deeper, feeling her interior heat. I slipped my hands beneath her, cupping the exquisite swells of her ass cheeks and feeling her clenching muscles go tense as I lapped at her slit.

I set about seriously tongue-fucking her when I wasn't swiping up and down her groove. I speared her repeatedly and made her cry out. When I had at her engorged clit, she grabbed hold of my hair and shamelessly humped my face. I continued to polish her bud with my tongue. She howled, and the flood of juice into my mouth told me that everything about the glorious moment was authentic.

Panting, I lifted my head. She seized my face and proceeded to lick her slick fluids off my lips and chin. She shoved me onto my back with impressive strength. I didn't resist, especially since I had an inkling of what she was going to do.

Annabelle lay on her belly, her head hovering over my cock. It had been years since I'd felt her mouth on my

joint. The anticipation was so intense that when her tongue swirled around my cockhead I almost shot my load. But I carefully pulled back from any hair-trigger climax, wanting to savor the experience. I wanted the night to last as long as conceivably possible.

I watched her lips close around me, and then slide down my shaft. It occurred to me that she had positioned me so the camera—which I'd nearly forgotten about it—had the perfect angle. As she sucked me down to my balls, the filthy act was being recorded. Even though this “movie” wouldn't be viewed by anyone but us, I still somehow felt watched, like the camera lens was a living eye.

I started thrusting up into Annabelle's mouth as my excitement pulsed inside me. She held my balls as she sucked my shaft, applying just the right amount of suction. Her head lifted and fell, moving at the perfect tempo.

When her mouth came off me, a string of spit still connected her to my cockhead. She demanded in a raw voice, “Fuck me!”

As I quickly pushed up off my back, she scrambled into the position she wanted. I grinned as she got onto her



# LETTER OF THE MONTH

hands and knees. I moved in behind that magnificent ass of hers. Some part of me made sure the angle was still right. I wanted the camera to catch how I fucked her. I had a feeling I would be watching this private performance quite a lot—and I could also go back and unabashedly watch our original recording, knowing it had been her best sex ever!

I set the thick crown of my cock against her streaming entrance and slid slowly inside. Her inner walls gripped

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**“I SET THE  
CROWN MY COCK  
AGAINST HER  
STREAMING  
ENTRANCE AND  
SLID INSIDE.”**

---

me greedily but allowed me to advance. I was transfixed, watching my staff slide in gradually. Soon my balls were pressed flat against her. I laid my hands on her curvy ass as I started stroking in and out of her.

Annabelle's limber body flexed, her head turning from side to side. Steady moans emerged from her throat. I'd made her come with my mouth already. Now I wanted my cock to bring her to a climax—knowing her reaction would be sincere.

As I fucked her harder, a fleeting part of my brain wondered why we hadn't stayed together. Maybe we were just too young and not ready for a serious relationship. But the way we responded to each other, even after all these years, told me we had seriously chemistry that not even time could diminish. That had to be a sign of something greater than casual sex.

Annabelle was rearing backward, meeting me thrust for thrust. Suddenly, her body was quaking, then it went taut, with every muscle pulling tight. I grinned as she announced her ecstasy.

There was the second climax I'd been waiting for.

As she sighed loudly and the tension in her body eased, she disengaged herself and turned onto her back.

“I want to see your face when you come.”

I moved into her arms, slotting my erection into her pussy again. The clasp of her cunt felt like coming home. I fucked her gently, undulating rhythmically against her soft, sweat-slick body. Beside the bed, the camera stood silently, documenting every second of our coupling.

For a breathless interval, I felt suspended in sexual perfection. My body was expressing my feelings at the present that I wasn't sure I'd have words for afterward.

I didn't want to let this woman slip away. I didn't want this to be our last fuck.

A tawdry amateur movie had chronicled our first chapter. This private video would bear witness to the beginning of our second. We would make something more of this connection of ours; I was certain.

Then those dreamy thoughts gave way to the awesome erotic urgency of the moment. My come was roiling in my balls as I pounded Annabelle's pussy with a growing fervor. I was about five seconds from shooting a titanic load.

She sensed my impending crisis and shouted, “Come on my face!”

I wrenched myself out of her clasp and lunged forward as she sat up with her mouth open and her tongue extended. I shot my spunk in dramatic arcs that spattered her cheeks, chin and throat. I even landed several white splats on her waiting tongue. She swallowed those, then ran her fingers over her face, scooping up strings of my come and sucking her fingers clean. I grinned with passionate exhaustion—and the camera captured it all.

—D.C., via email





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# LETTERS

## CLUSTERFUCK

### ❶ EVERY WHICH WAY

**W**arren used to be my dorm-mate, and we still got together for a beer now and then, mostly to brag about sexual exploits, like we did back in college. I know, I know, it's kind of gross behavior, but it gave us something to bond over. Still, I'd always liked Warren.

One night, though, he was just letting me talk and not saying much himself. I'd been looking forward to telling him in detail about Cheryl, who I had met at a business conference. The two of us had been all over each other, and we'd fucked about a dozen times over the course of the weekend.

"Is something wrong?" I finally asked. We were in a bar, at a table with a couple of cold ones. "You not getting any pussy lately?"

I was teasing, but Warren gave me a cautious look. I wondered if I'd hit a nerve. It seemed unlikely, though. Warren was damn good-looking and could get

laid at will—or so it had always seemed.

"A couple nights ago," he said cautiously, "I had sex with five different women, and—"

I didn't let him finish before I said, "Dude! That's fantastic. Tell me all about it!"

I was dying to know.

Warren smiled wryly. "I don't know if you're ready, Evan. It's this kind of club. I was telling the members about you, and they're interested."

Suddenly, our bragging session had taken a strange turn. But the thought of fucking five women in one night had seized my imagination. So had learning about the existence of this "club."

I got him to tell me a little about it. There were 25 people, and they got together in a downtown loft for group sex.

"You've got to take me there," I said. My cock was already stirring.

"There's an initiation. And that's what you might not be ready for. You stand naked in front of everybody, and they blindfold you and tie your hands behind your back. And then they choose somebody randomly, and that person

sucks you off."

I laughed. "Sounds like fun to—"

"It might be a man who blows you."

Warren saw my expression change.

"See, Evan. You'll always be my friend, but you're kind of a square."

It was like Warren had laid down a challenge. I responded by pointing out all the wild sex I'd had.

"I'll do it!" I said emphatically, knocking back my beer. I'd always wanted to go to an orgy.

Two nights later I found myself in that downtown loft. It was a big space, with a long row of mattresses down the middle of the floor. The group greeted me, and I was struck by the fact that all the women were gorgeous. I was as nervous as hell, but also excited. As the introductions came to a close I told myself the odds were in my favor. I'd probably be getting my cock sucked by a female mouth.

It was time. I took off my clothes when I was told. Two of the women came to me. One bound my hands behind my back, the other put on the blindfold. My cock was twitching. Even blind, I could feel all those eyes on me, but I liked the attention.

They did the random choosing without giving me any hint of who'd be sucking me off. I heard footsteps quietly approach, and I shivered, feeling vulnerable. But I supposed this was some kind of necessary trust exercise.

There was hot breath on my swollen cockhead, then a warm wet mouth closed around me. I gasped. My hands tried to instinctively reach for the person's head. I felt lips seal around my shaft as a mouth dropped all the way to my balls. A tongue danced on me. Without sight, the experience was intensified. It felt incredible.

I had thought I would somehow be able to tell which person it was, but I had no clue. It could be any of the women blowing me. Or, I unnecessarily reminded myself, any of the handful of guys. Since none had beards or





mustaches, I just couldn't tell.

Ooohs and aaahs came from the onlookers. The nameless mouth bobbed faster on me. My hips jerked, and I drove my cock into the person's throat. The person made no sounds that might have revealed gender, but by then I honestly didn't give a shit. It was so fucking good.

Seconds later, I cried out and shot my spunk. I heard swallowing noises, then the person withdrew. The same two women removed the bonds and blindfold. They were both naked now. So was everybody else.

The group started to move toward the mattresses. It seemed casual and coordinated at the same time. Couples and trios lay down together. Everything felt dreamlike. I realized the two women who'd freed me were gently leading me to a mattress. They were beautiful, with pert tits and asses.

They lay on either side of me, then leaned over me to kiss each other. It started out soft, but soon their tongues were flashing. From around us, I heard a rising tide of grunts and moans. I reached up to cup the tits hovering above me. The women squirmed with pleasure as I plucked at their nipples.

Still kissing, they shifted down my prone body. They moved their mouths until they were on either side of my cock. Suddenly, those busy tongues were swiping at my half-hard staff, bringing me back to a fully erect state. They licked my shaft on either side, then took turns swallowing me.

It all still felt like a fantasy come to life. One of the women threw her leg across me and lowered her streaming pussy onto my straining cock, taking me all the way up into her. Her friend scooted back up the mattress. She straddled my face, and her shaved cunt hovered over my mouth.

Hungrily, I pulled her down, jamming my tongue up inside her. Her flavor filled my mouth. Her dampness ran over my chin. She was facing toward the other



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## **“I LAID MY HANDS ON THE WOMAN’S ASS, THEN SLOTTED MY COCK INTO HER PUSSY.”**

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woman, who was busily riding my cock, slamming up and down on me. As I ate out the pussy in front of my face, I was distantly aware of the two women kissing and groping each other.

Somehow they timed a mutual orgasm. Juice flooded my mouth while the other bounced crazily on my joystick, crying out passionately. I was hearing all sorts of climactic howls echoing throughout the loft.

I looked dazedly around. Naked figures were drifting from bed to bed. It was an orgy, after all. I, too, was free to explore. I gave both women a goodbye grope, then slipped off our mattress, leaving the ladies to tumble into a 69.

On the next mattress I found a woman on her hands and knees, sucking a guy's cock. Her ass made a perfect cupid's heart. The man whispered something to the woman, who appeared to bob her head. He gestured, indicating I should take my place behind her. I laid my hands

on the woman's enticing ass, then slotted my cock into her pussy. The guy grinned at me, and we proceeded to fuck her from both ends. She made happy growls around the man's cock and rocked back against my thrusts, taking me deep.

Other scenes of cheerful debauchery were playing out all around us. The air crackled, and heat licked up my sides as I stroked into the woman, harder and faster. Her grip on me was awesome. People smiled at us as they padded past. All around us people traded partners in a casual yet coordinated way.

The guy facing me was thrusting into the woman's mouth, his fingers wound into her hair. I watched, mesmerized as he face-fucked her, finally giving a strangled cry. He was coming in her mouth! It was incredible to actually see another man do that, live, in the real world.

It so excited me that I found myself blasting off a second time, spunking into the woman's pussy. I fell back as the pleasure crested, and the woman rolled onto her back. Immediately, another female swooped in and started eating my come out of her. I stumbled off the mattress.

I wandered in a stupor for a while, just gazing at the beautiful carnal spectacle going on all around me. Fucking, sucking, kissing, groping. Every inch of skin was being licked, every hole being probed. Yet it was all somehow gentle and collaborative. This group had been carefully chosen. Warren must have seriously vouched for me.

# LETTERS

## ➤ CLUSTERFUCK



Speaking of Warren, I found him fucking a woman who was herself rimming the asshole of another gorgeous female. Meanwhile, that second woman's mouth was filled with the cock of a man who was fingering a different woman's pussy, who...

I realized all the bodies were starting to converge. The scenes on the individual mattresses were flowing together, becoming a chain link of orgasmic ecstasy. There were so many possible configurations, so many ways for all those beautiful bodies to fit together.

When I saw that one of those linkages was a man with his cock buried deep in another man's ass, it didn't shock me. It fit the free-for-all mood of the exhibition.

Hands reached out for me. I let myself be drawn into the whirl of merging bodies. Someone fondled my balls, where a new load of spunk was already simmering. I reached out and squeezed random tits. Somebody licked my throat, somebody else nibbled my earlobe.

A hand guided me to the sopping entrance of a shaved pussy. In a trance I slotted myself in. I moved on top of

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**"SWEAT STUNG MY  
EYES AS I THRUST  
FEVERISHLY  
UPWARD INTO AN  
ANONYMOUS  
CUNT."**

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the body, pushing deep. She answered my thrusts as sweat flowed down my body. I smelled pussy juice and semen everywhere. A hard cock waggled past my face, and a female mouth lunged for the wriggling mass to catch it.

I fucked in a daze, and my pleasure was unbelievably intense. I plowed that pussy as the woman's damp body writhed beneath me. Somebody kneeling by her head jettied his come over her face. Another woman bent to lap up the hot white stripes of cream.

Hands touched me, while other bodies jostled me. The woman underneath me thrashed through a climax. Next, I found myself on my back, with another woman climbing onto my still erect cock. Every nerve in my body was firing, and sweat stung my eyes as I thrust feverishly upward into an anonymous cunt.

It was sublime sexual insanity. I was one with all this cooperative flesh. The woman atop my cock rode me with gusto. I could only lie there at that point. She jerked and bounced frantically on me.

I felt my balls tighten, and once again my body was raging with a climax that seemed to touch every part of me. After I jettied, I put back my head and closed my eyes. Someone started licking my cock clean. I didn't care enough to look and see who it was.

I never even found out who'd sucked my cock during my initiation—and that didn't bother me in the slightest.

—E.C., via email

## 🕒 SWINGERS

**T**he farmhouse was exactly what we'd always wanted. It had been a longtime dream for me and my wife to find a peaceful place with plenty of space. The only downside about leaving the city was less options when it came to our occasional desire to swap.

We'd talked the situation through and figured if things were too dry in the country, we could schedule a few trips to the city a year. No big deal. We were problem solvers, if anything. Our marriage and our occasional partner trades worked wonders for us.

Our new home was a tall white house with windows that could be shuttered, a root cellar, a traditional attic with towering windows, a wraparound veranda, and not one, but two front



porch swings that had been repaired and reinforced before our arrival.

The place was spectacular, and the first night there we had sex in the living room. I fucked her from behind, holding her hair like a lead, as we both looked out the tall windows into the dark night sky. Stars for miles, very little light.

And another perk of the country? Not worrying about anyone looking in your windows. Or so we'd thought.

Much to our surprise, the doorbell rang moments after we'd each climaxed. Laura pulled on my long-sleeved button-down shirt before slipping into her panties, but that was all. The shirt was practically a dress on my petite wife.

I grabbed my jeans and tugged them on before walking barefoot to the front door. It was a mistake because the farmhouse was drafty, and it was downright cold that night, bordering on frigid.

I opened the door to a smiling couple. It was only just past dinnertime, and the woman held a basket that looked to have some kind of baked goods wrapped in tea towels.

"Sorry to barge in!" she said. "We didn't have your number to call. We're Scott and Rita, from down the road."

"Down the road?" I chuckled. "How far down?"

She smiled. "Oh, I think we're your closest. About a mile, a mile and a quarter, give or take."

Laura stepped forward. "Where are your manners, honey? Come in, please. It's freezing."

They stepped inside, and I gratefully shut the door. My feet were numb. I grabbed a sweatshirt from a pile of stuff on a chair—we were still unpacking—and pulled it on. Then I shoved my feet into a pair of moccasins.

"We brought homemade bread. And wine," Rita announced.

"Our new best friends!" I said to Laura.

My wife laughed and glanced around. "I'm sure we have wineglasses



around here somewhere..."

"Covered," Scott said, gesturing toward the basket. "Only the finest plastic."

I caught him eyeing Laura and stifled a smile.

Rita wasn't anything to sneeze at, by the way. Tall, fierce red hair, big green eyes, and tits that could stop a truck. I was beginning to hope they might be our new friends in more ways than one. Meanwhile, Scott was tall, broad and dark-haired, with a quick smile. Laura's kind of guy.

"Did you see us?" I asked as casually as possible. I turned to open the wine and caught Laura smiling at me.

She moved closer, pretending to help

me, and whispered, "Bold move."

We were both surprised when Rita admitted, "Actually, we did. Sorry about that. But not really..."

I looked at my wife, and she laughed outright. She turned, crossed her arms in her no-bullshit stance and asked, "Would you ever be interesting in trading partners? We like to do that sometimes."

I poured out four glasses of wine and waited for a response, which was a quick and easy "yes" from both.

Then we drank the fairly lovely Cabernet as we made arrangements and discussed boundaries.

Our new neighbors eagerly agreed to come over on Friday evening.

# LETTERS

## ➤ CLUSTERFUCK

Laura was a big fan of sex outdoors. Temperature didn't matter to her. She liked it outside. One of the best times we'd had sex outside had been during a snowstorm.

"We have those big heaters," she said, shortly before Scott and Rita's arrival. "We used them on the balcony. Remember?"

I nodded, pouring out some wine.

"We aim one at each swing, and we're golden. And swinging," she said, laughing at her own joke. She winked at me. "How's that sound, big boy?"

"Sounds good to me. You're a genius." I gave her a glass, and we toasted our plan, before each taking a sip.

When our neighbors knocked on the door, Laura gave a little squeal like it was Christmas.

She ushered them in and laid out her plan. "How does that sound? I want something eccentric for our first time together. And we like to be near each other when it happens," she said, glancing my way.

I gave a nod to back her up. Every time we'd swapped partners we'd been in the same vicinity. Once separated by an archway, her in the living room and

me in the dining room. But we always remained close. It was one of our things.

"Fine by me," Scott said. "I am not averse to watching her get off with another man. I think it's sexy." He put an arm around Rita, who blushed and snuggled closer.

"Then we should get started," my wife replied. She gave me a nod, and I went ahead and put the two large heaters outside, aiming them at the swings.

A gentle snow had started falling, but the awning protected us from the flakes. Barring the lights glowing through the windows from inside the house, it was

as dark as a cave outside.

We headed to the porch, and I kissed my sexy wife. Then I pulled her sweater over her head, setting her spectacular tits free.

"There you go. Treat her well, Scott."

I saw him swipe his hand along the side swell of Laura's breast. Her already hard nipple pebbled even more, and I smiled. Such a pretty nipple.

Rita wore a red coat over a thin blue sweater and jeans. I put her into the path of the blowing heat and stripped her. Leaning down, I sucked one of her dark pink nipples into my mouth, and she hummed softly. I tucked my hand between her thighs and found her pussy already wet, so I drove two fingers deep into her slick cunt.

She drove her hips forward and let me know I was on the right track. Her hands slid along my fly, and she managed to get my pants open. I pushed my jeans down. I hadn't bothered with boxers. Rita's cool hand wrapped around my cock and started to stroke me. I glanced over to see my wife getting down on her knees for Scott. The sight made my already stiff dick that much harder.

I pushed Rita's shoulders, and she went down easily. I gripped the back of her red hair and fucked her mouth slow and steady.

I turned to look at my wife. Laura was gripping Scott's hips and working her mouth up and down his shaft. He made a noise and looked away from her, the sight too much for him to bear. I turned my attention back to Rita and her spectacular blowjob, and when I looked back up, Laura had pushed Scott onto the swing and climbed aboard his cock. The old wooden swing drifted back and forth as she worked her lithe body up and down his pole.

As good as Rita's mouth had felt on my dick, I wanted to taste her instead. I urged her upward and nudged her back onto the swing. After knocking her legs apart, I got on my knees between

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**"RITA SQUEEZED  
HER INTERNAL  
MUSCLES  
AROUND MY  
SHAFT AND  
MILKED ME."**

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her spread thighs. I clutched them and lowered my face to her fragrant cunt. I lapped at her softly at first, savoring her salty-sweet taste.

Rita lifted her body off the seat to mash her cunt against my mouth, so I put my hands on her hips and held her down to take control. She sighed, trying to buck against me, failing, and then giving in.

I sucked her clit, drawing on her soft and then hard. I felt her body trembling, partially from the cold, partially from the pleasure. The warm air blew over us from the heater and kept us from freezing, but the winter air was still chilly.

I plunged two fingers in her pussy and curled them. Rita soon came, crying out with abandon.

Next to us, Scott grunted. He stood, holding my wife in his arms. He pushed her back against the siding and spread her legs. He fucked her there against the wall, pounding her fiercely.

Laura's gaze found mine. She was chewing her lower lip and looked so close to coming, which made my cock jerk. I stood and swiveled Rita, pushing her onto her back on the swing. I covered her body with mine but made sure I could still see my wife.

Rita's long legs wrapped around me. I bit the side of her neck, and she gasped as I drove my cock into her soaking cunt. Her pussy gripped me tight, and I clenched my jaw to keep my focus. She was so slick and hot around my dick.

"You feel good," I said.

I heard Laura murmur something to Scott as he fucked her. He drove into her repeatedly and relentlessly—just the way she likes it.

I thought I'd come if I watched much longer, so I refocused my attention on Rita, taking her for a slower ride. I pulled back on every stroke—as if I might withdraw totally—then I plunged into her fast and deep. Rita squeezed her internal muscles around my shaft and milked me. I hissed, trying to hold on



and not wanting to come just yet. But, man, she was making it hard.

"Come on me, come on me," Laura said to Scott as she climaxed.

I knew she'd reached her peak because I'd heard her do it too many times to count. He pulled back, and I watched his come shoot out and stripe my wife's stomach and thighs.

I pounded into Rita, my frantic movements making the swing sway. Her pussy rippled like water around my rod as she climaxed. I pulled out at the last moment and gave myself a few strokes before painting the smooth swell of her belly with my load.

"I think we gave swinging a whole new meaning," Rita whispered, giggling.

I laughed, looking over at her husband and my wife and replied, "I think maybe we did."

—R.K., Bangor, Maine

## **B BANGING THE BRIDE**

Scarlett was getting married. She was the first of us to tie the knot. In college, we were as thick as thieves, the three of us: me, Scarlett and Tess. She picked me to be her maid of honor, and Tess to be a bridesmaid. She would have no other attendants.

Tess and I tried to think of a novel bachelorette party, but we settled on going to Las Vegas. It's a cliché, I know,

but none of us had ever been there before, and it seemed like it would be a fun thing to do.

Let me tell you about us. We met in high school, and we were the hot girls who ruled the school. But we were big fish in a small pond.

I've got dark hair, dark brown eyes and a little button nose. I've also got a killer bod, with a very tight butt, but I have to work for it.

Tess is a natural blonde, and when the wind blows, it's quite a sight to see her golden mane flying in the breeze. She also has stunningly blue eyes. She's tall and tawny and was the last of us to lose her virginity, even though I think she's the best looking of the three of us. I would find out on that trip that she'd never given a blowjob before.

And the bride, Scarlett? Well, she's an individual. She dyed her usually blonde pixie cut fuchsia for the wedding. She's a little taller than me but shorter than Tess, and she's got the biggest boobs. At school her nickname was "The Rack."

We flew into Vegas and went to our hotel room, which was right on the Strip. We played some slots and decided to see a male strip show because Scarlett was really into the idea.

The performance was great, and I'll admit seeing those buff guys and their big packages made me horny.

It was after 10 or so when the show let out. We were strolling down the Strip, people-watching, when we spotted three guys in military uniforms.

# LETTERS

## ➤ CLUSTERFUCK

Tess, who is Miss Patriotic, stopped to thank them for their service. We got to chatting and discovered one of them, ginger-haired Tom, was from a small town not far from ours.

The other two guys were dark-haired: sexy Al, who practically smoldered, and Bobby, who was a jokester but also pretty cute. We decided to pop into a casino and hit the bar. We had a lot of fun, and I was really starting to dig Bobby. I think he liked me, too, because he was flirting up a storm.

We'd rented a suite in a different hotel and asked the guys if they wanted to come up for nightcaps. I had decided I wanted to fuck Bobby, but I had no idea if innocent Tess wanted any part of this, but she ended up hanging on Tom as we walked back to our hotel. And Scarlett? She was getting married in a week. So I was stunned when I saw Al put his arm around her and she did nothing to push him away.

When we got to our suite, we kind of paired off with our chosen guys. I went into my bedroom with Bobby, and we started making out. I lost track of what

the other girls were doing as Bobby undressed me. He had me buck naked and on my back in no time, sucking on my tits and fingering my pussy. I urged him to suck my cunt. His mouth went lower to my honeypot, and his tongue lapped at my pussy lips and clit. I moaned loudly as he ate my pussy and made me come.

Panting on the bed, I watched him pull away from me and undress. He wasn't too tall but was solidly built, and when he took off his underwear his cock was already at full mast. I sat up on the bed and beckoned him closer. He stood before me as I cupped his balls and began sucking his staff

It was Bobby's turn to moan. I covered every inch of his cock with my tongue and squeezed his hairy balls. We turned around so he fell back on the bed, and I looked him in the eye as I stroked his cock with both hands while tonguing the tip. After teasing him for a good long while, I asked him if he wanted to fuck. He said yes, so I climbed aboard and rode him. I came again as I bounced up and down on his hard cock. He said he was going to come, so I hopped off him

and sucked him until he shot his load down my throat.

We relaxed for a bit and heard happy sounds coming from the other room. Naked, I tiptoed out. There was Scarlett, on the sofa in the living room, without a stitch on. She was doing her best to stuff Al's huge cock into her mouth.

Al looked up and gave me a smile. Bobby was now in the room, too, and he had regained his hard-on. I realized Tess must be in the other bedroom. The door was ajar, so I snuck a peek inside. Tom was on top, fucking her with vigor. Her legs were wrapped around his waist and her toes curled, and as I entered the room she began climaxing.

When they broke apart, they saw me standing there. I motioned for them to come into the living room. Tess and Tom followed me and watched the bride-to-be work on Al's super-sized shaft. I crawled toward them and asked Scarlett, "Wanna share?"

She removed her mouth from his cock, smiled wickedly, and said, "The more the merrier." So I started licking Al's balls as Scarlett resumed sucking his dick.

Tess was now occupied with the other two guys. Tom took her north half, sucking on her tits and then sticking his cock between them, and Bobby took the south half, tongue-fucking her to orgasm. Tom squirted his come all over her tits. I immediately rushed over to lick it off of her, as I can't get enough of the taste of come.

Scarlett sat on Al's dick, and she moaned as every inch sank inside her. Tess and Bobby and Tom and I just lay in a heap, stroking and kissing one another. After a while, the boys both got hard again. Tess whispered in my ear, asking me if I could teach her how to suck cock. It took me a moment to get over my surprise, but I was happy to. I asked the guys, "Who wants to be Tess's first blowjob?" Bobby's eyes lit up, so I had Tess get on her knees near him, and I knelt next to Tom to





demonstrate my technique. I licked his shaft and then teasingly took only the head in my mouth. She mimicked my actions on Bobby, and by the sound of his moans, she was doing fine.

I told her to swirl her tongue around head and use one hand to stroke the shaft and the other to play with his balls. While this was going on Scarlett was screaming bloody murder as Al plowed her pussy.

Tess took to cock-sucking like a duck to water. We switched off between Tom and Bobby until they both came. Spent, the guys sat back, and I became overwhelmed with the desire to kiss Tess. I guess deep down I had always wanted to and decided this was the best time to do it. I kissed her gently, and after a moment of surprise, she returned my affection with a slippery tongue. We slipped into a 69, and I parted her pussy lips and sank my tongue inside, tasting her nectar. She slipped her finger inside me, and after a few minutes, she built up the nerve to eat my cunt. Before long we were slurping on each other like nobody's business.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Al on top of Scarlett. She was getting pummeled, but she voiced her enthusiasm.

"Oh, God—fuck me, fuck me hard," she wailed.

Tom and Bobby were watching the whole show and stroking their reviving cocks. They were young and ready for more.

We decided to end the evening by giving the bride-to-be a sexy send-off. Scarlett got on the floor in the center of the room on her knees, straddling Al and lowering herself onto his shaft. Bobby stood in front of her, and she sucked his cock. Tom, who had the smallest cock—but no means anything to be ashamed of—got behind her, lubed himself with her overflowing pussy juice, and worked himself into her ass.

Tess and I watched, stroking each other



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## **"HIS MOUTH WENT LOWER TO MY HONEYPOT, AND HIS TONGUE LAPPED AT MY PUSSY!"**

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as Scarlett got ravaged by the boys. It was the hottest thing I had ever seen.

Scarlett had an orgasm that shook her from head to toe. That inspired the guys. Bobby came first, right down her throat. Tom pulled out and squirted his cream all over her ass. Al then came inside her, arching his back and bucking her upward.

The boys left, and we knew we'd never see them again. The three of us girls were still naked, so we piled into one bed

and kissed and licked one another. We all came again, more than once, and the sun came up while Scarlett was feasting between my legs.

We didn't screw anymore guys on our trip, but we did have fun with each other. It was kind of unspoken that it would not happen again once we left Vegas. It hasn't, and we all went to the wedding and watched Scarlett tie the knot—but I couldn't help but remembering her on her knees with all her holes filled with dick.

**—F.L., Tampa, Florida**

Ever been to an orgy? A cocktail party that tumbled into a group grope? A neighborly relaxation in a hot tub that bubbled into a torrid scene? If you've been involved in any sexual scenario resembling team sports, why not share it with your fellow readers? Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to: [letters@penthouse.com](mailto:letters@penthouse.com).



# LETTERS

## ▾ CARNALCOPIA

### 🕒 PLAYTIME

Sam hesitated as we walked past the grill store. “Come with me,” I said taking his hand to encourage him onward.

“I thought we were here for—”

“If you really want to go shopping for barbecue stuff, after we’re done we will.”

“Done? With what?”

I stopped in front of the store that had been my true objective. “Let’s go.”

He looked up at the shop’s sign. “Into a vape shop?”

“Keep reading,” I replied, grinning at my husband. We’d been talking about spicing things up in the bedroom for a while, and I’d decided to move beyond talk. Instead of perusing grilling implements two doors down, we were going to peruse some naughty novelties.

“Vapes and Adult Toys.” His eyes lit up, and he laughed. “How have I never noticed that part of the sign before?”

“My guess is because you’ve hardly taken notice of the vape store in the first place.”

“True,” Sam conceded. He winked at me and put his warm hand on the small of my back. The winter wind whipped down the sidewalk and made me shiver.

“Are we going in or what? I’m freezing to death out here.”

He pushed the door open and put mild pressure on the small of my back. “After you, my love.”

I went in and smiled at the small man with a long ponytail behind the counter, who greeted us.

My eyes followed the signs. Vapes, hand-blown glassware...then I spotted the placard that read: Adults Only. ID May Be Requested.

I gestured toward the clerk and then pointed at the doorway at the back of the store.

He waved his hand. “Go on. Holler if you have any questions. It’s just me



working here by myself today.”

“Will do.” I took Sam’s hand and squeezed it. He squeezed right back. Together, we headed toward the back. I felt a little naughty, a little nervous, and a lot turned on. Those sensations were why I’d brought him to the store instead of simply ordering stuff online. I wanted the rush of walking into a real live store with my real live husband and seeing the toys in person before we chose our playthings.

“Wow,” he proclaimed, running his finger down a wall of vibrators in colorful packages. All sizes, all colors, all kinds. His hand set the packages swinging.

I laughed and tried to stop them, but it was hopeless. I found a purple vibe that looked like a thin, swirled ice-cream cone.

“This is cool.”

He came up close behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist. My blood felt thick in my veins, and my heart beat ramped up.

“Do we really just want a single vibrator?” he asked, his lips soft against the back of my neck. Goose bumps broke out along my back, and I shivered.

“Picky, picky. No one said we had to get just one.”

“Oh, you’re a dirty one.”

I returned the purple toy to the display,

and we walked a bit farther down the aisle. I brushed my finger over a large package on a shelf.

“We could always go for the strap-on,” I said. “Go right for the brass ring, so to speak.”

He shook his head. “Let’s work our way up to something like that. Let’s start with...” He found a small vibrator meant to be tucked inside a pair of panties. It came with a wireless remote. “This...this looks good.”

“Maybe.” I wandered a bit more, noticing Sam had tucked that package under his arm. That made my pulse kick up a notch. He was dead-set on that thing, and I was fine with his decision. I spotted a display of black leather gloves. That seemed odd. But when I got closer I realized they were studded with sharp little knobs. To add bites of pain to the pleasure of being touched. “And these,” I said, grabbing a pair.

Sam examined them. “Fine. Let’s go pay.”

“You don’t want to look at all the pretty lingerie?” I asked, fingering a red lace teddy on a hanger.

“Nope. I like you naked.” He swatted me on the ass.

We made our way back to the front of the store, where the helpful clerk suggested batteries. He plunked down



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## **“ALL I COULD FOCUS ON WAS GETTING HOME AND GETTING HIS COCK INSIDE ME.”**

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a pack of AAAs and rang up us.

Sam forked over his credit card and then asked the man, “Is there a bathroom she can use?”

The guy chuckled, nodding to a door marked “Employees Only.” Sam tore open the package for the panty vibe and handed me the toy and some batteries.

“I’ll keep the remote,” he said, and winked at me.

My legs were like jelly as I walked to the restroom. My cheeks burned with heat. Not embarrassment—arousal. I tucked the small plastic bit into my panties and made sure it was in the direct vicinity of my clit. When I emerged, Sam put his arm around me and guided me out.

“Have a nice day,” he called over his shoulder.

“Have fun,” the man called, chuckling.

Sam hit me with the first burst of vibration before we even hit the car. It stopped me in my tracks, and I gasped. My hands flew to my jeans before I realized it. Then I deliberately placed them at my sides. He gave me a few more steps before triggering the toy again.

“Can I at least get in the car first?” I gasped, walking faster.

He leaned close to me and nipped my earlobe. “Nope, I want you wet and ready to fuck by the time we get home.” He pressed the button again, and



the vibration traveled up through me, turning my arousal electric. “And we live so close...”

In the car, he pushed the remote button once more and left me vibrating throughout an entire red light. I squirmed in the seat and tried to concentrate.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, laughing.

I elbowed him and sighed. “You know what’s the matter. I’m—”

My pussy clenched up around nothing, but the pleasure was immense. He took my hand and watched as my eyes flew open.

“Coming?” he asked.

I could only nod as a cry ripped out of me and the light changed. He hit the remote, which stopped the buzzing, before driving off as if it was an everyday, normal car ride.

At every light, he let me vibrate just enough to keep my arousal high but

never long enough for me to come again. My cunt was drenched and my panties were wet. All I could focus on was getting home and getting his cock inside me.

He turned on the vibrator as we pulled into the driveway. This time he left it on, and I did my best to walk normally up the front walk, wave to our neighbors and enter the house.

When he shut the front door, I started to strip. My pussy was pounding in time with my heart, and I was on the verge of climaxing again. I was about to push my panties down, when he caught my arm. “Nope. Not yet.”

Sam pulled on the leather gloves, and I moaned. The noise sounded far away to my own ears.

He gently skimmed his sheathed hands along my body. The little metal spikes scraped my skin, putting me on edge. He worked the remote, making

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the vibrator pulse, and then he moved behind me where I couldn't see him. The vibrator was pushing me closer and closer to coming. He slid his palm along my lower back, and I growled. I was so wet I felt moisture at the tops of my thighs. My panties were soaked, and my body hummed with desire.

He reached around and cupped my breasts. I felt the gentle bite of the gloves, scraping my tender skin—and that was it. I came again, the vibrations rolling through my body like a wave.

The moment my undulating body calmed, Sam pulled my panties down and pressed my hands against the wall. I was naked and still recovering from my orgasm. He skimmed his gloved hands down my sides, and I shivered.

He hiked my hips back some, so my ass was pushed out. Then he slid into me slowly, pressing his palm against my skin. The bite was enough to make me sigh. I thrust back as he entered me, urging him to go deeper.

With his hands perched on my hips, he fucked me harder and faster, whispering in my ear, "Did you like our

visit to the toy store today?"

I could only nod as I was swept closer and closer to coming once more.

He yanked on my hips, and I slid a bit farther from the wall. He put his hand on my back and nudged me forward so that I was bent more to his liking. He drove into me so hard and fast I rose up on my tiptoes, the small hard nubs on the gloves biting into my skin all the while.

"Tell me with words," he demanded.

"I liked it," I whispered.

"Louder." His cock punched my G-spot with every thrust. I was having trouble concentrating.

"I liked it," I said. "I loved it," I added, groaning.

I was so close. My juices were everywhere, drenching his dick and sliding along my upper thighs. Every time he squeezed me, the gloves did their job.

Sam kissed the back of my neck. The gesture was tender in comparison to our almost violent fucking. I laughed, and he growled. "You're so wet."

"Yes," I nodded, pushing back to meet his cock, getting him deeper. The

slap of our bodies together was nearly deafening. It was all I could hear.

"And you're so tight, baby. Like you're gonna come again. You're gripping my dick like a fist. Are you going to come for me again? Will you give me another?"

"Yes, yes, yes," I chanted.

"Touch yourself," he said.

I moved one hand from the wall and dragged my fingers, shaking and slick, across my pounding clit. I was so ready to blow. I felt swollen and tender. His cockhead brushed the perfect place in my pussy, and I whimpered.

"Yeah? Close?"

"So close," I moaned.

"Me, too." Sam put his gloved hand on the back of my neck, and it scraped my nape. It was the last straw for me. That bite of pain across such tender skin.

I came, yelling, "Yes, baby, yes. Don't stop."

He snarled, and I smiled. That was the sound of a man losing his battle with holding off. His body went rigid against me as he came. Then he rested his forehead against my shoulder, panting.

"So..." I said.

"So, better than a visit to the barbecue shop any day."

"Yeah, I figured you'd think so."

**—B.S., Houston, Texas**

## 🕒 NIGHTCAP

For a while now, I've been a bartender at a risqué burlesque club, and I wouldn't trade the experience for anything. Not only do I love the challenge of concocting new and interesting cocktails to excite our patrons, but I also have one of the few jobs able to feed my insatiable sexual appetite. It's one of the many advantages of working at a sexed-up hot spot that encourages public displays of affection from employees and patrons.

I've got plenty of raunchy stories, but





one in particular stands out from the rest. Evie was celebrating her 21st birthday. Her friends had decked her out in a tiara and feather boa, and they were clearly intent on helping her create some wild memories in honor of her special day.

With a thick mop of platinum blonde curls and a waist that dipped in to form a perfect hourglass figure, Evie was undeniably sexy. Most of the guys in the bar were breaking their necks for a look at her, as were many of the women. But she just casually sipped her drink, sometimes focusing on her friends other times casting me flirtatious glances. Her looks were subtle, but I got the message. She was into chicks!

Things got interesting when the birthday girl's friends ordered one of our specialty experiences for her: The Booby Trap. The bar maid—in this case, me—does a direct pour into the patron's mouth, then presses the patron's face into her cleavage. There was my opening. Perfect.

I helped Evie up onto the top of the bar, displaying her to the rest of the room. Then I ran my hand slowly from her navel up between her breasts, gradually pushing her back until she was reclined on the countertop. She shivered when my fingertips brushed close to her nipple, her legs parting ever so slightly.

That little twitch of her thighs encouraged me to take my performance a step further. I sucked a shot into my own mouth before kissing Evie and dropping the liquor between her parted lips. She sighed and wound her arms around my neck as I licked her lips clean.

People in the bar hooted and hollered around us, their shouts of encouragement ringing in my ears. Finally, I forced myself to break the kiss and get the situation back under control. A Booby Trap shot wouldn't be complete without the signature ending!

I propped Evie up into sitting position and raked my fingers through her hair. Then I pulled her face down into my cleavage, giving her an extra-long shimmy.



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## **“EVERY NERVE WAS FIRING, MAKING PLEASURE RIPPLE FROM MY HEAD TO MY TOES.”**

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Then I whispered, “Follow me to the back if you want a special birthday surprise.”

I sauntered away, throwing glances over my shoulder to keep tabs on her. The rest of the patrons returned their attention to their own parties, and I cocked my head, indicating my direction to Evie, who was still with her pals.

The door to the tiny back office had barely clicked shut when I heard a light knock on the metal. A peek through the peephole confirmed it was Evie. I opened the door just enough to let her slide her curvy body through. I yanked Evie inside quickly, both of us bumping against the desk.

Evie giggled. A deep pink blush bloomed across her cheeks, and she cast her eyes down. Her shyness turned me on. I wanted to watch that prim, proper exterior crumble. I wanted to drive her so wild that the rest of the bar would hear her screams.

Standing so very close to her, I slipped my hands down beneath her ass cheeks. I gave the ample globes a squeeze as I nibbled at her lower lip. Her mouth

opened on a sigh, and my tongue slipped inside. The hot, wet interior of her mouth made me think of other places that would be warm and moist.

For a moment, I considered rushing the experience by simply dropping to my knees and sucking the soft, fleshy lips of Evie's sex into my mouth. But a quickie wouldn't cut it. There were a thousand different things I wanted to do to Evie, and the reactions I craved required time and attention.

“I hope your friends won't miss you,” I murmured against Evie's lips.

“Fuck 'em. It's my birthday,” she replied reassuringly, but it wasn't “em” I planned on fucking.

Unable to create the friction I needed in our position, I pressed Evie against the wall and skimmed my hands up along her sides. Her spandex dress rolled easily, allowing for a slow and satisfying unveiling of her curvaceous little body. Beneath her skimpy dress she wore delicate purple lingerie.

It was lingerie a woman would wear if she was planning to hook up. The purple lace featured rhinestone embellishments, including one perfect teardrop nestled above her clit. It sparkled like a shining beacon marking a great treasure.

I ran my tongue over the rough ribs of the lace, soaking every inch of the material so that it clung to her skin and molded to the shape of her pussy. When Evie's thighs started to shake, I pressed my tongue to the teardrop stone above her clit, pushing it flush against that raging bundle of nerves.

A strangled groan rumbled through Evie's body. She thrust her hips against my face, begging for more. But I wasn't

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ready to give her everything. Not yet.

I stood and resumed my exploration of her mouth. As I licked Evie's lips, my own pussy began to throb. There was no way I could focus on Evie while my own body screamed for attention.

Desperate for relief, I urged Evie's leg between my thighs, grinding against her while my fingers mapped every dip and curve of her body. Evie groaned and nipped at my lower lip as she writhed. She pressed her thigh against my pussy, providing the pressure I craved.

Grinding on Evie made my mesh panties rub against me. The rough fabric stimulated my folds. Sliding her leg upward, Evie's knee came in contact with my clit.

I gasped, breaking our kiss to rest my head against Evie's shoulder. Desperate to maintain my current state of bliss, I continued to grind against Evie, losing sight of her pleasure as I went running toward my own.

Then I heard Evie sigh. It broke me out of my trance and brought me back to the gorgeous blonde in my arms. Still enjoying a pleasant pulse in my core, my pleasure-drunk limbs slithered around her

body. I tugged down the top of her dress, with its plunging V-neck, exposing her pendulous breasts.

I sucked one nipple into my mouth and rolled the other between my fingertips. Evie voiced her appreciation immediately. Every tap of my tongue and pinch of my fingers caused her to emit a new sound. She was so much fun to play with. I was enjoying hearing all the different noises I could get her to make. A scrape of my teeth brought forth a breathy sigh. A flick of my tongue pulled out a strangled

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**“THE HARDER I  
TONGUE-FUCKED  
HER, THE MORE  
JUICES SEEPED  
FROM HER CORE.”**

---

gasp. Rolling the bud between my fingers inspired a long, shaky moan. It was my own personal symphony—one that set the perfect rhythm for my bump-and-grind routine against Evie's leg.

No matter how hard I tried to make this all about Evie, my body demanded satisfaction. Every nerve was firing, making pleasure ripple from my head to my toes. Another wave of pleasure crashed over me, like sparks dancing over my skin. My vision blurred, but that was all right. Losing one of my senses only made the others stronger.

Surrendering to the darkness, I closed my eyes and sucked Evie's nipple between my teeth, hoping to transfer to her some of the energy that rocked my body. Her back bowed when I grazed the bud, managing to somehow bring us even closer.

Then Evie started to grind her knee against my clit. It was explosive. All the tension in my body gave way. Soon I wasn't standing, but sagging against Evie, relaxing into her embrace—until I remembered that I still hadn't tasted her.

Still quivering from my orgasm, I sank to my knees, pulling Evie's pretty panties to the floor as I went. The sight of her cunt made my mouth water. I hungrily sucked on the soft, fleshy folds of Evie's sex and wiggled my tongue inside her slit. Circling my tongue around her slick opening, I savored the tangy-sweet taste of her arousal. When she whimpered, I plunged my tongue inside.

She tasted like heaven. The harder I tongue-fucked her, the more juices seeped from her core. But I wanted her to truly gush. I wanted her to drench my face.

Using my fingers to part her folds, I massaged her clit with my thumb. Her hips hitched and trickles of her honey ran down my chin. She moaned as I plunged my tongue deeper into her core, drawing out every last drop of nectar.

Before long, Evie's hot, sweet juices rushed over my face as she came, and I





lapped up every drop. Only when I was certain there was nothing left to drink did I rise to my feet. I looked at Evie. All sexy and mussed up, her body sagged against the wall. I knew I had to get back to my shift, and she had to get back to her friends. I gave her a kiss, a wink and my phone number, then sent her back out to the club.

After cleaning up and straightening out my clothing, I went back to the bar, stealing glances at sinfully sexy Evie the entire time.

—S.C., via email

## ❶ DRESSED TO THRILL

**B**lake was a hot, flirty guy I'd met at the bar. He and I traded some playful banter for a while, but after a couple of drinks, we started to really talk. I'd told him the simple truth about my job: I was a wardrobe assistant for movies and TV. Lucky me, I actually had a gig at the moment, even though it was only temporarily filling in for a friend. It wasn't a high-profile thing, just some web-based show. But you never know when a small job might turn into something bigger and better down the road. So I was slowly collecting these short-term assignments, hoping to impress the right people and built a promising future in the industry.

I told Blake the name of the show I'd been working on, and his blue eyes popped out of his handsome face. "Really? That's awesome! I love that show."

"You've seen it?" I was shocked. I'd never thought I'd meet someone who'd seen my work!

"You bet!"

Heads turned in the bar at his gushing enthusiasm, and I actually blushed. But a warmth spread through me, tingling my pussy. I figured I had a much

better chance of getting Blake into bed, because he seemed like he really admired me for my work. I wouldn't pretend that I was some kind of studio bigwig. I was totally honest about my lowly position, but he was impressed nonetheless.

"Do you want to see the wardrobe department where I'm working right now?" I asked.

Once again those pretty blue eyes bugged out eagerly. "Yes, please!"

I kept strange hours for work, so nobody questioned my presence when I showed up on the lot. I flashed my pass, and we drove right in. I had the keys to my area's wardrobe storage. I got Blake inside. It was after midnight, and the place was empty.

I led him into the cavernous room where the costumes for the show were. Everything was organized according to the regular performers and the various outfits they wore on the program.

"Which are the clothes the leading

lady wears?" Blake said, looking like a kid in the proverbial candy store.

"Wait. Those are the ones, aren't they? I recognize that suit."

He hurried over to a particular rack, where indeed the star's apparel was arranged. The different ensembles hung in clear plastic bags. I started telling Blake about the many hours that went into putting all those pieces together so that the actresses and actors looked so effortlessly eye-pleasing.

Blake appeared mesmerized by the clothes themselves, gazing at them like they were holy relics. Softly, he said, "I admired her character. It's not just that she's beautiful. She's so brilliant on the screen..." He reached out as if to touch one of the bagged outfits.

I walked over and picked it off the rack. It was a blouse and skirt combo that showed off plenty of leg. The character he admired had a wild social and sex life. I held the clothes up to my body. A devious thought occurred to



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## ▷ CARNALCOPIA

me. Maybe Blake would like to see me wearing the racy ensemble?

But just as the idea entered my mind, he shocked me by asking very quietly, "Could I put those clothes on?"

My jaw dropped, and he cringed a little at my look. I realized what a gutsy move it had been to ask me that question. I was sure he knew how attracted I was to him—just as I was certain from his earlier flirting that he was hot for me. But he was taking a huge risk by admitting to me this desire to put on women's clothing.

But the idea sent a shivery thrill through me that was unlike anything else I'd ever felt. My heart beat faster, and heat flushed my face again.

I said, "Yes...yes, you can."

He was very trim and slender and wouldn't have much trouble shimmying into the outfit.

I took the plastic bag off the clothing, and Blake grinned. He slipped off his sport coat, then unbuttoned his shirt. He had nice pecs and abs. He stepped out of his shoes and dropped his slacks. I saw the bulge in his boxers and understood that this game of dress-up had a sexual component for him. That excited me further, though it was still an unusual experience.

Blake peeled off his boxers, and his cock sprang into view as he stood naked before me. I studied his gorgeous body, my pussy flowing at the sight of him. Reluctantly, I handed him the skirt, wanting only to gaze rapturously at his cock some more.

His hands were shaking as he stepped into the skirt and drew it up around his waist. He did up the zipper, but his bulge was even more evident now. The moment had somehow become very solemn. I held out the blouse toward him. Ceremoniously, he put it on.

He smoothed the blouse and skirt against his body, still trembling. He turned his pleading eyes toward me.



### **"THE BLISS WAS SWARMING OVER ME, GATHERING INTO A POWERFUL ERUPTION."**

"How do I look?" he whispered.

He looked hot. I couldn't explain to myself why he seemed so exciting in woman's apparel. But my nipples were stiff and my panties wet. I said, "Take a look for yourself," and pointed to a full-length mirror that stood nearby.

I watched him admire his reflection. His eyes were ablaze. He smoothed the skirt again, this time grazing his crotch. He saw me in the mirror and rubbed himself more deliberately. Unable to stop myself, I lifted a hand to my tits, squeezing one, then the other.

"How do I look?" he asked again, voice raw.

I peeled my top off over my head and cupped my bare breasts. Pleasure rippled through me, raising gooseflesh.

"You look...beautiful."

Blake rubbed himself harder and moaned.

I knew how weird this was. Yet at the same time I was so turned on it was almost hallucinatory. I stepped out of my skirt and panties. Blake's eyes roved my naked body, lust making his eyes burn brighter. I planted my feet apart and boldly put a hand to my pussy.

At the touch of my fingers, I let out a cry that echoed in the big room. With my other hand I continued to feel up my tits and pluck at my nipples, twisting the stiff excited buds. I trailed my fingertips up and down my drizzling cleft, finally slipping two fingers inside.

"So beautiful," Blake said. But he didn't mean himself. He had turned away from the mirror and was staring at me. He drew his cock out from under the short skirt and started pumping himself.

Desire reverberated in my body and mind. Everything still felt dreamlike as I moved toward him. I reached down and took hold of his cock, taking over the jerking duties. He throbbed in my fist as I worked his hard, fleshy shaft. He groaned, and my mouth watered.

I dropped to my knees. I cradled his shaven balls in my hand. My tongue swirled his bloated cockhead, catching the pearl of pre-come perched on the tip.



The flavor promised thick salty eruptions later on. I swallowed that tasty drop.

Then I sealed my lips around his fat crown. His texture was enticingly smooth, and I could feel the pulse of him. The ring of my mouth slid down his staff, my tongue tracing down the side. Above, he let out a grunt as I plunged past my gag reflex to swallow him completely. I felt him in my throat.

I set about lifting and dropping my mouth on him. I looked up, seeing him in the skirt and blouse. He didn't seem any less manly, then I wondered what I meant by "manly," then I didn't care anymore. I was just excited and thrilled, and relishing the flavor of his cock in my mouth.

His hips began to jerk. At first he was tentative. But once he realized I could take it, that I wanted him to seriously fuck my face, he gave in to his primal lust. His hands dropped onto my head, and his fingers wound into my hair. Soon, he was thrusting beyond all control.

I felt his balls tighten in my grip. He gushed straight into my throat, spunky jets that tasted as good as I'd hoped. I swallowed every bit. Finally, he staggered back.

I stood up, and at the same time, he dropped to his knees. I spread my feet apart, and he pushed his face between my legs. I felt his hot breath on my slick pussy lips. He didn't waste any time. His tongue unfurled and started swiping up and down my groove. I didn't waste time either. I grabbed hold of his hair and began to hump hard against his mouth.

I was already excited beyond reason. A gorgeous man in a skirt and blouse was eating my pussy, and I was loving it!

Electric joy raked up my body, popping my nerve endings, one after the other. I mashed my crotch on his face. His tongue delved deep into me, moving like a wriggly eel.

When he zeroed in on my clit, I cried out loudly. My climax rose up and

walloped me. I poured my honey into his open mouth as bliss overwhelmed me. Then I was the one staggering back in a post-climactic stupor.

Blake stood, face shiny with my juice. His cock was throbbing hard again. I grinned and turned toward the tall mirror. I faced it, putting my hands on either side, and thrust my ass back toward him. I wanted him to see himself dressed in those fancy clothes as he fucked me.

He obviously wanted that, too, as he hurried in behind me, eyes on the reflecting surface as he slotted his staff into my drenched hole. He slipped deep inside me, until he was pressed right against my ass. My pussy throbbed around him, grasping him tightly.

Taking hold of my hips, he started to fuck me from behind. I savored the long draw and slam of his cock as he stroked in and out of me. He eased out, then pounded back inside repeatedly.

I stared into the mirror. He looked so exotic and sexy. The entire moment felt like a dream. A super dirty one.

Blake's face twisted with pleasure as

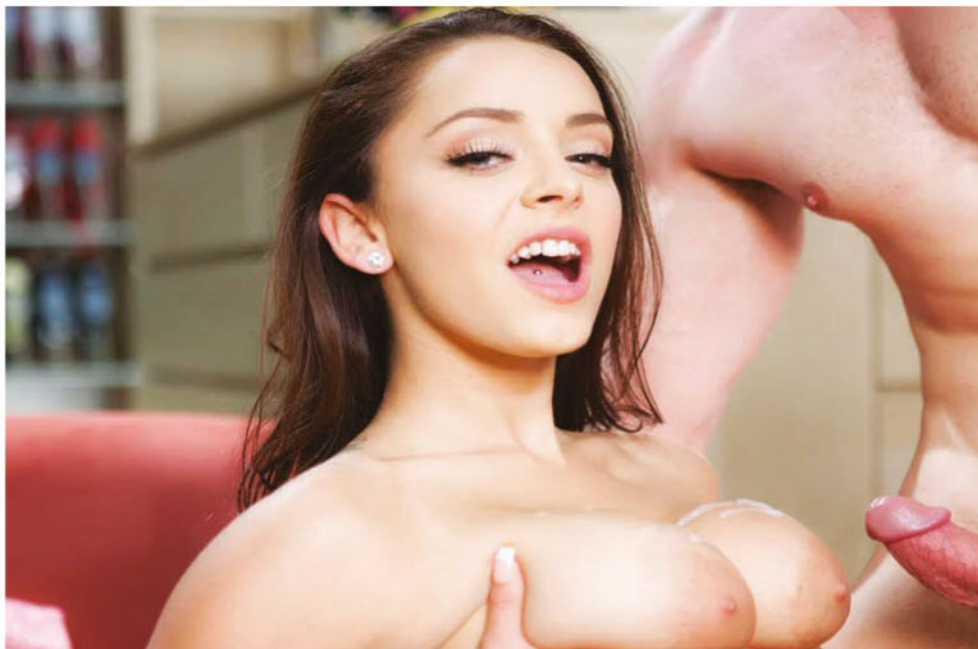
he hammered me harder. I thrust back against his every penetration. I felt his fingers digging into my flesh. He made animal growling sounds. The bliss was swarming over me, gathering into a powerful eruption.

Suddenly, Blake gave a roar, and I felt his come starting to spew. The feeling of those hot jets bursting inside me set me off. From my deepest reaches ecstasy flooded through me. I joined him in his roar of orgasmic triumph.

I had to do a quick dry-cleaning of the actress's outfit, of course, but it was totally worth it.

**-L.D., via email**

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# IN THE PINK

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THAN HAVING AN AUDIENCE.







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WITH A SEXY FRIEND.”

—MALENA

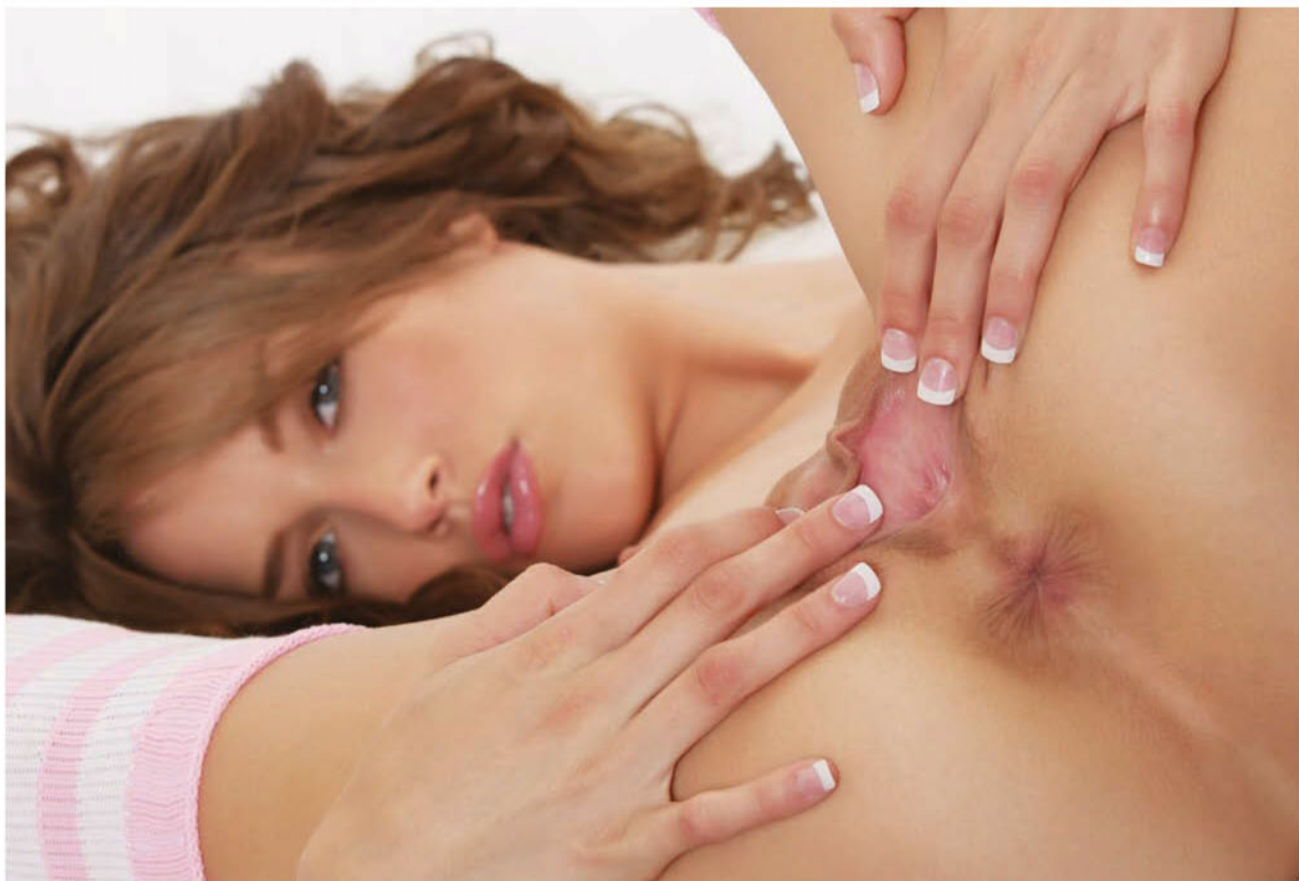
















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# LETTERS

## ▷ BOOTY TIME

### ❶ TONGUE-WORK

**W**hen I was in my second year of college, I had a girlfriend who was so into anal it was like an obsession. I'd had plenty of pussy up to that point, but Sandra introduced me to the wonders of fucking a woman in the ass.

First of all, she initiated me slowly. She taught me to appreciate the sweet vulnerability of this particular sex act. Even as a novice, I immediately understood the delicacy it required. I fed my shaft into her gradually, mindful of her responses. The strange grasp of her butt hole thrilled me. It all felt so wonderfully strange.

Sandra was an aficionado of anal fun. I would fuck her doggy-style, fuck her ass while she stood facing a wall, and even drill her butt while she was on her back with her knees up to her chin. Her beautiful face would be twisted with pleasure as I bypassed her pussy for the ripe pearl of her asshole, plowing her deep with my cock and reaping intense sexual pleasure.

I didn't know it at the time, but I

realized later how exceptional she was. The women I subsequently dated had what seemed to be a common aversion to anal sex. Either they'd never even considered it, or they thought it was nasty, or they'd tried it with somebody clumsy and been put off the idea forever.

Memories of Sandra's grasping asshole still haunted me years later. I belatedly realized just how emotionally intimate the act was, how much trust was involved. I had felt so connected to Sandra with my cock sliding in and out of her ass—especially when she'd wriggled with pleasure and squeal as she came.

Lucia's my current girlfriend. She's a smart, compassionate, gorgeous woman. The sex we've had has been great. I was lucky when I found her, but Lucia's ass had been off-limits.

I'd gotten the message in the first weeks of our relationship. We were in bed, getting things going. I was fingering her pussy, and she moaned against me as I delved into her soft, shaven groove. My cock throbbed with need, but I was happy to take the time to bring Lucia to a state of full-on excitement.

I stroked my fingertips up and down her pussy, teasingly parting her lips

and probing delicately inside. Her hips started to buck violently as her ecstasy soared. Then my fingers slipped, and I inadvertently grazed the pucker of her butt hole.

The touch sent a shock of joy through me. I recalled all the times I'd fingered Sandra's asshole prior to sliding my cock inside its snug, welcoming grasp. But Lucia did not react with Sandra's usual joy. She responded with a sharp yelp, backing away in horror. I muttered a vague, "I'm sorry," and the incident seemed forgotten after that. Forgotten by her at least.

For me, that single incidental touch had wholly reawakened my memories of anal frolics with Sandra. I decided I would test the waters again with Lucia, gently so as not to pressure her. In the midst of a really wild fuck with her, with the two of us getting into all sorts of fun positions, I put my finger very deliberately against her butt hole, wiggling it a little to let her know I knew I was doing it.

Lucia froze. She looked me in the eyes and shook her head. So that was that, I'd figured. I certainly wasn't going to make an issue out of it. What kind of schmuck would do that? I still really liked her and enjoyed sex with her.

I especially liked eating her pussy. She was so responsive it made me feel my tongue was magic. I could lick and lap and suck and nibble her cunt for an hour at a time. I loved her taste and the feel of her hot love-oil gushing down my throat. She would thrash about when she came, lifting her taut ass off the bed and crying out rapturously.

One time when she did this, there was another slippage incident. I swear I didn't do it on purpose. It was as innocent as the first time I'd unintentionally touched her asshole.

But after 20 minutes of going down on her, Lucia gave a climactic howl. My face was wet with her juice, and my tongue was still slithering like a crazed eel. Lucia's hips jerked upward, and my







tongue slipped from her flowing cleft and went sliding right through the valley of her ass to the forbidden ring of her butt hole. My stiffened tongue dipped inside her.

Once again everything froze.

I was keenly aware of the crinkly texture of her hole. Every sexual instinct in me told me to delve her deeper with my tongue. I had licked Sandra like this countless times, and we had both relished it. But now I was still, waiting for Lucia's cue.

Then something happened. Lucia's hips moved again, ever so slowly this time. My tongue stayed in place, and she moved herself against it. After a few tremulous seconds, I heard her give a soft sigh.

I carefully slipped my hands under her and cupped the swells of her ass. Then I very gently swirled the tip of my tongue around her pucker. It set off fireworks in my brain and body, and my cock went diamond-hard. I waited to see how she would react.

She sighed again, and the sound quickly turned into an outright moan of pleasure. She tilted her hips higher,

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## **"I TOOK A SAVORING MOMENT TO LICK HER CRACK UP AND DOWN, TASTING HER."**

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giving me better access to her back passage. I lunged hungrily forward and explored that perfectly round hole with my tongue, sealing my lips around it. I braced my elbows on the mattress, supporting Lucia's body as it wriggled wildly.

I slid my tongue in as deep as I could from that angle, not caring that it strained my neck muscles. At last I was being given access to my girlfriend's asshole! Celebratory sexual excitement coursed through me.

Lucia's moans turned into harder

grunts. She was jamming her ass against my face as I continued to rim her. Finally, she pulled away.

I blinked in disappointment for a second until she flipped over onto her hands and knees. She looked back at me with her eyes blazing.

"Get that tongue back in my asshole!" she commanded.

Grinning, I hunkered in behind her. I put my fingers to the lush halves of her ass and gently spread them. Her ring glistened, seeming to quiver with need. I lowered my face again. This time I took a savoring moment to lick her crack up and down, tasting her coconut body oil, along with sweat and the pussy juice I'd already smeared over her butt hole.

I breathed on her pucker, and she shivered. Then I traced the circle again with my tongue, feeling every wrinkle of flesh. Maybe if I'd thought this out ahead of time, I could have made this moment happen sooner. But it was better this way—spontaneous, a happy discovery.

"I need your tongue in my ass!" Lucia called out desperately.

So I speared her with it. She was placed at just the right angle for some

# LETTERS

## ↘ BOOTY TIME



serious tongue-to-ass action. I got two inches inside her. Her ring was tight, but as I worked on her she loosened. She swayed slowly back and forth, and I stayed with her. She sighed and grunted, groaned and growled.

Eventually, I realized she had reached back to finger her pussy. I heard the squelching sounds as I kept up my oral ministrations. I feasted on her ass, knowing no one had ever done this to her before. I was glad I could introduce her to a whole new realm of sexual pleasure.

Suddenly, a deep quaking took hold of her. She let out a yowl, her body going stiff, then she collapsed facedown on the pillows. Her ass remained pointed at the bedroom's ceiling.

My dick was still savagely hard, of course. I figured I would finish off by fucking her pussy but thought I'd see how she was doing first. I knew that rimjob must have been an intense experience for her. Softly, I asked if she was okay.

She said something into the pillows. Then she turned her head and repeated, "Rick, will you put your cock in my ass?"

Joy lit me up. She was a true convert! I moved up into the familiar position. Memories of Sandra entered my mind, then went tumbling away. I was about to make new memories as I anally sealed

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### **"HER CLIMACTIC ENERGY SPREAD UP INTO ME, AND I FELT MY BALLS TIGHTEN."**

---

my relationship with Lucia.

I could actually see my swollen purple cockhead pulsing as I set it atop her spit-gleaming asshole. There was always that moment of: "How can it fit?" But I knew very well that our bodies could accommodate many pleasurable activities.

As I'd done with my tongue, I swirled my cockhead around her ring. My sensitive crown felt the enticing crinkly texture of her entrance. I pushed gently forward, sinking just the tip of my dick into her waiting hole.

I was acutely aware of her reactions. Even with her facing away, I was mindful of any signs of discomfort. As Sandra had taught me, I moved slowly. It only took a little pressure to slip deeper inside

her. I stopped several times to let her adjust and only went ahead when I was sure she was ready.

Soon enough I was several inches in, with my cock reaming her canal. My vein-lined shaft sank further still. Now it felt like her ass was sucking me in, eager for more.

Finally, after maybe a full 10 minutes of careful negotiation, I was all the way inside. My balls were flush against her backside. She drew several long breaths, then said, "Fuck me, Rick! Fuck me hard!"

Despite this enthusiasm, I still proceeded cautiously. I stroked slowly into her, and the grip of her ass was exquisite. I hadn't known this angle of penetration in a long time. Lucia's head whipped from side to side, and she was groaning and grunting again.

I fucked her with a little more vigor. She took every plunge of my cock and rocked her ass back against me to take me even deeper. I grinned, and closing my hands tightly over her hips, I began to seriously pound her.

Our flesh smacked together, and my balls spanked her slit. She was amazingly tight around my cock, yet she was so lubed with spit that I moved easily inside her. I felt each impact of our colliding bodies in my bones. My fingers dug into her more deeply.

Soon she was wailing again, that high sound of orgasmic delight. I checked to see if she was fingering herself again, but no, this was all because of my cock plowing her ass.

Her climactic energy spread up into me, and I felt my balls tighten. Crackling sexual bliss coated my body, and I actually saw the hair stand up on my arms. With a cry I started to unload my spunk at the deepest point of her gorgeous body.

And all the while I knew we had my clumsy tongue to thank for our shared ecstasy.

**—R.S., via email**



## ❶ SWEET DEAL

**H**aving recently graduated college, I found a decent, if low-paying, job. I also live in a big city. What does that mean? It means all my money goes to rent and student loans. My apartment is too small for a roommate, and I don't know anyone I'd want to share a studio apartment with, anyway. I started to think the best thing would be to troll swanky bars and snag myself a rich boyfriend, but a friend told me about a dating app that could help match me up with a wealthy guy looking for a hot young lover.

"Do you know the term 'sugar daddy?'" she asked me.

"Well, duh," I said. "And isn't that prostitution?"

"It's not the same as working the street corner. You just go on dates"—here she made finger quotes—"and he"—again with the finger quotes—"helps you out, gives you nice things. It's really just like regular dating, except with someone who appreciates you and shows his affection financially."

She grabbed my phone and installed the app for me, then thrust the device back in my hands. I happen to be pretty attractive, or at least I've been told, so I thought I had a good shot at hooking up with someone. I've never been with an older man, but I was open to dating one. Especially if he was good-looking and had deep pockets.

I created my profile and took a few selfies until I got the perfect shot. Then I hit the ground running.

In just a few hours, several men had contacted me. I felt so wanted! The best looking one was a businessman from Italy who regularly spent time in my city. I responded to his message right away. From there it progressed to a chat on the phone, and his accent was so charming. The sound of his voice nearly made me melt. I agreed to visit him at his apartment, which was

in one of the swankiest buildings in the city. He lived in the penthouse, and a doorman in white gloves called upstairs to announce my arrival. I felt like I was in a movie. It was pretty surreal, and I'll admit I was getting turned on just from the scenario, and I hadn't even met Francisco yet!

When we saw each other we both kind of sighed in relief—I think that's because we both looked exactly like our pictures. Francisco was tall and well built, with a thick head of hair and a salt-and-pepper beard. Except for that salt, he could have passed for 40, but told me he was 50, exactly twice my age.

I was wearing a demure white dress, and he appraised me somewhat discreetly. But I knew he was checking out my high breasts and curvy hips. He was wearing a cotton chambray shirt and jeans and was barefoot. I liked how casual he looked. We sat on the couch together and talked for a little while. I told him about how hard it was living in the city, and he nodded knowingly.

After a short pause, he responded delicately, "If we're compatible—and I think we will be—I have a proposition.

I happen to own this building. I will rent you a nice, two-bedroom unit, a few floors below me." I held my breath. "The rent will be..." He held up his hand and made a zero with his thumb and forefinger. My eyes must have doubled in size because he laughed. "The only catch is that when I am here, which is about once a month, you will come see me and keep me company."

"That sounds great," I said, though I was still quietly marveling over a man who owned a lavish penthouse he only used once a month.

Francisco put his hand gently on my cheek. "I have a particular passion I hope you won't find too outlandish." Again, I held my breath, waiting for his big reveal. "I'm very much an assman."

That wasn't so bad. In fact, it was a little exciting to me, to be honest.

"Have you ever had anal sex?" he asked.

"No," I said, "but I've always been curious."

He smiled warmly and told me to stand up and take off my dress.

I did as instructed, standing before him in a white bra and panties. "Turn around for me," I did, without hesitation.



# LETTERS

## ▷ BOOTY TIME

I think I have a very nice butt, and he must have thought so, too, because he started stroking it.

Francisco stood up, and we locked lips in a passionate kiss.

We parted, and he sat down once more.

"Lay across my lap?" he asked gently.

I slipped out of my shoes and did as he asked. He then started stroking my ass sensually. His touch made me squirm and was turning me on something fierce.

"Tell me, have you ever been spanked by a lover?"

I paused before answering truthfully, "Yes."

"May I?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered on a sigh. I had indeed been spanked before and really liked it.

Francisco didn't hesitate. His slaps had some serious force behind them. He whacked me about 10 times on each cheek, leaving me flushed and breathless. Then he pulled my thong aside, revealing my asshole and pussy. He leaned over and hauled me upward like I weighed nothing. The next thing

I knew his tongue was slithering around my butt hole. That was a new experience, and a very nice one. I cooed and wriggled then seconds later his finger slowly worked its way into my virgin hole.

"How does that feel?" Francisco asked gently.

"Great," I said, and then he worked a second finger inside me. He was now finger-fucking my ass as if on a mission, and my pussy was starting to get seriously wet.

"Let's go to the bed," he said, and then led me to a master bedroom that was bigger than my entire apartment. It was dominated by a king-size bed that was covered in a white bedspread. In fact, the whole room was white—walls, furniture and carpeting.

We kissed again, and I dropped to my knees. I opened his trousers and found that he wasn't wearing underwear. His cock was already hard and big, and I took him into my mouth. I love to suck cock, and Francisco was soon enjoying my efforts. I tongued him and sucked him down to the root.

He then took hold of my hair and fucked my face, and I loved the

forcefulness. I felt helpless and vulnerable but never more alive. I pulled back to lick and suck his balls and then he resumed fucking my mouth. I deep-throated him, feeling myself becoming more and more aroused.

I was ready for more, and Francisco was, too, so he lay on the bed. I curled up next to him and continued to suck his engorged cock. It started to dawn on me that I would be taking his monster up my ass, and I got even more excited and nervous.

Eventually, I climbed onto Francisco and rode him cowgirl-style. Oh, his cock felt so good in my pussy, which was already drenched. I undulated my hips, and then he lifted his to meet mine, and we were working like a well-oiled machine. Then he did something kind of amazing that I'm still thinking about constantly. He turned me over, picked me up, and lay me on my back without his cock leaving my cunt. For an old guy he was very strong.

He withdrew to drink from my pussy, his tongue doing an exquisite ballet against my drizzling hole. I feared I might crush his head with my clenching thighs as he brought me to a thundering orgasm. He gave me a few moments to relax and then said it was time.

Francisco was prepared. He had a fine selection of lubes. He slathered his dick and my asshole with the slippery stuff, and then after I pulled my legs back to my chest, he entered my backdoor. At first a small shot of pain ripped through me, but it was gone before I could even fully register the sensation. It was quickly replaced by a feeling of being filled completely as his cock slid all the way up my butt. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced, and my pussy clenched around nothing.

I relaxed and just focused on what I was feeling. It was like I was floating in some sort of sexual delirium. Other guys in my past had wanted to ass-







fuck me, but I was hesitant. What was I waiting for? Francisco built up his speed until he was really pounding me, and I just let go and fell limp.

Francisco pulled out, panting and sweating. He turned me onto my side, and we fucked in a spoon position. I realized the great thing about anal sex is that it compels me to be totally submissive, like a rag doll. Some women may not like that, but I certainly did. I was under his spell and impaled on his prick.

For the finale, he placed me flat on my stomach and worked his dick back into my rear end. I think I liked this position best—it was like getting a massage, just of my asshole. I dreamily hugged a pillow as he plowed me. It was a bit awkward for him, so he pulled up my hips until I was on all fours. I love getting it doggy-style, and this was the same thing, only I was getting cock an inch or two above where I was used to.

Then I felt something surprising. I was going to come! I never knew a woman could come just from getting ass-fucked. I wasn't even touching my pussy. But a tsunami rolled over me, and I clenched my asshole and moaned in exultation. This, in turn, set Francisco off. He cried out and filled me with come.

Francisco and I spent the night together and fucked all kinds of ways. He was so horny. I had an awesome night, and I also had the keys to my brand new apartment. All because of my asshole.

—F.L., via email

## “HE SLID IN AND OUT OF MY ASS WITH EASE. I STROKED MY CLIT FASTER.”

### HOT STUFF

**H**e grabbed my ass the moment he walked in. “I’ve been thinking about you all day.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Jack said. He kissed the back of my neck, and I felt a shiver shoot up my spine.

“What have you been thinking?”

I stirred the beef stew I’d been tending for hours. I’d had a lot to do that day, so I’d put on something that could cook low and slow.

“Dirty things. Very, very, dirty things.”

He wrapped his arms around me from behind and splayed his hands, so that his fingertips brushed the top of my sex. I shut my eyes and soaked in his embrace. It seemed like heat emanated from his fingertips and trickled down into the spot between my thighs. My pussy grew warm, and when I shifted, I realized, wet. How had he done that?

I laughed. “What dirty things?”

“Oh, I don’t know. All kinds of dirty things. Sucking on those nipples of yours for starters. Did you know when I do the left one, hard, you make this noise like—”

I swatted him. “I’ll take your word for it.”

“Oh, God. You’re so shy about this stuff.”

I felt a blush creep into my cheeks and shook my head. “Go on. What else?”

“Oh...” His hands slid down, and he cupped my pussy with one hand through my faded sweatpants. “Eating this pussy. I mean, making you come so hard you do that thing where you take both hands and push me away.”

I laughed again. I knew exactly what he meant.

“And then pushing your legs high and wide the way I like, and plunging into you full speed until you’re coming and gushing.”

I was having trouble standing still.

“And then flipping you over and sliding my dick into your ass.”

A spear of excitement bolted through me. “Yeah?”

I tried to sound nonchalant, but my voice betrayed me.

He turned me in his arms and kissed my mouth. It was a hard kiss, a deep kiss—a possessive kiss.

“Yeah,” Jack whispered in my ear, and I shivered from head to toe.

“Take me upstairs.”

“But the stew—”

“Let it stew.” I took his hand.

Upstairs, he undressed me. He took his time and made me suffer. I was practically wriggling with anticipation.

“Jesus, Jack. Please!”

He chuckled. He took his clothes off just as slowly and watched me as I watched him.

“Lay back on the bed.”

I did it instantly. As if obeying faster would get him in gear. When, truth be told, he was going to draw this out just to amuse himself.

He crawled on the bed and moved up close to me. His mouth came down on my nipple, hot and wet, and he drew on it.

# LETTERS

## ↘ BOOTY TIME



His hand came down on my ass in a harsh slap. The mix of nipple stimulation and pain was enough to get me insanely wet.

"Again," I demanded.

He slapped me once more and drew on my nipple again, and I gave a sigh. Just those two hard sucks had been enough to turn me on to no end. "Go down on me."

"Are you rushing me?"

"Do you want to fuck my ass?"

"Aye, aye capt'n."

I laughed until he silenced me with a kiss. His mouth was sweet and eager. I'd already been turned on by his dirty talk, so I was nearly ready to pop from the get-go.

He lapped at me slowly, flicking my hard clit with his tongue. He sucked it gently and then harder, like the way he had my nipples. His finger parted my pussy lips, and then he slid two digits inside. He curled them and swiftly pumped them inside me, and in no time, I came. My body bucked as I tugged his hair and flooded his mouth with my juices.

He surged up over me and said, "Now I fuck that pussy."

I whimpered. I was so wet and so ready, I thought I might cry. He held my legs high and wide and did that thing that always drove me wild. He watched, intently, as he slid into me, slow inch by slow inch.

I bucked and growled.

"Patience," he said, his tone colored with a hint of warning.

When he was halfway inside me, he looked me in the eye, and then plunged

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**"I COULD FEEL  
HIS COCK  
POUNDING INTO  
MY ASS, AND IT  
MADE ME DIZZY."**

---

deep. I groaned as my body clamped down around him tightly.

I pressed my legs against his sides and held him with my arms. I rocked up to meet him. Every thrust was pressing that tender place inside me that would make me explode.

"Harder," I growled in his ear and nipped his lobe.

"Yes, ma'am."

He fucked me harder, driving into me over and over again until my toes were curling and my body hovered right there on the blissful edge of orgasm.

"Baby," I said, sounding as dreamy as I felt.

"That's my girl," he said softly.

He shoved his hands under my ass and tilted me. That small motion made everything better. Every thrust edged me closer. He bit my collarbone, and his nip

startled me with a shock of pain. I came, my cry echoing in my ears. I was nothing if not vociferous.

"There it is." Jack pulled out of me and put his hands under me. He flipped me onto my belly as if I weighed nothing at all.

I gasped for air, trying to recover from my orgasm. He laughed at me. Arranging me on hands and knees, he pushed his juice-slickened finger into my ass as he slid his cock back in my pussy. He fucked me that way until my body was so relaxed I felt boneless, thrusting deeply with his cock and his finger. When he finally pulled his dick from my wet depths and pressed it to my stretched-out asshole, it was almost an afterthought.

He slid into me easily and then clutched my hips with possessive hands. I started to move, and he tsked at me.

"Don't you move a muscle, love. Just stay like this until I tell you otherwise."

I obeyed. My heartbeat thumped mightily, and I felt my pulse in my pussy and my neck and my temples. I thought I'd lose my mind, but he finally started to move.

He withdrew so far I feared he'd pulled free of me, but at the very last second he plunged back inside.

His cock hit lovely places inside me. I found my clit with my finger and stroked it, so gently it was almost like a phantom touch.

"I want you to come for me before I let go," he said. He planted a hand on the small of my back and pressed. The sensation of his weight pinning me drove my excitement higher.

He slid in and out of my ass with ease. I stroked my clit faster. My flicks turned to swirls that became intense rubbing. My breath caught when he said, "Put your fingers inside yourself."

I stopped stroking myself and did as he asked, pushing my fingers inside my drenched cunt. I could feel his cock pounding into my ass, and it made me dizzy with pleasure. I curled my fingers the way he always did, jamming those two





fingers deep and stroking that soft suede knot inside myself.

I made nonsense sounds as I was double-fucked. I'm not sure what I was saying, but I didn't care at all. He banged into me smoothly, holding my hip with one hand and pushing on my back with the other. It was dominant, animalistic and perfect.

My fingers filled my pussy and pleasure started to beat through me as my cunt grew tighter around my fingers. Every motion increased my pleasure.

"Harder, baby. Faster," I begged. My patience was shot, and I found myself driving back against his body, getting him as deep as I could.

I came, my cunt milking my fingers.

Jack growled, probably right on the verge. He pulled free of me, and I whimpered.

He pushed me gently onto the bed and rolled me onto my side. He held my top leg up and drove his cock back into my ass. I felt the tip of his cock strike deep inside me.

"Now work that clit. I want one more orgasm from you."

I shook my head. "I can't."

"You can. I know you can."

I brushed my fingertip over my clitoris,

and my greedy body responded. I pushed back to meet him, and he growled. I clenched my body the way I would if he were fucking my pussy. The tightness made him growl again.

"Fuck me, baby. Fuck me harder," I said. I knew the words would turn him on. I knew they would push him closer. He wasn't the only one who could torture and tease someone in the bedroom.

I knew without looking that Jack was watching intently. It got him off. He liked to watch his big cock slide in and out of my back hole, to watch it part my flesh and enter my body and plunge deep into my back passage. His strong fingers gripped my thigh roughly. I'd have bruises, I knew for sure. There would be small purple moons along my pale thigh for a while, which only turned me on more.

I hummed with arousal, and my fingers flew.

"Stroke that clit," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Faster," he whispered.

I moved my fingers faster, painting circles and figure eights. My pussy clenched up tight around nothing at all. Meanwhile my ass was stuffed full of his meat.

He put his lips against the back of my

neck. His free hand came up to grip my breast. He bit my skin gently at first, then roughly as he plunged into me. I pinched my clit and shuddered.

"You gonna come again, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I am. I am..." I panted.

"Do it." He bit the back of my neck, squeezed my breast and fucked me harder. The sound of his skin slapping against mine filled my head and stole my breath.

I came a final time, trying desperately to catch my breath. He moved his hips faster and held me tighter, and when he came he moaned my name.

I collapsed on the bed trying to get myself together. Jack covered me with his body and grinned at me. "How was that, love?"

"Just perfect," I answered on a sigh.

**—C.L., Concord, New Hampshire**

If "getting there" is half the fun, isn't it twice as much fun when you enter the backdoor? If you have an anal adventure to share, write to us! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: [letters@penthouse.com](mailto:letters@penthouse.com).



# SPEED DEMON

ANYA LIKES TO GO FAST—AND SCARLETT FINDS  
HER QUITE ARRESTING!







“I CAN’T HELP HOPING I’VE MET A  
REPEAT OFFENDER.”

—SCARLETT







































# TOP 10

TEAGAN PRESLEY



## TOP 10 WAYS TO MAKE LUST LAST

10. Make the first move—don't always leave it up to your partner.
9. Ditch the routine, and try a new time or place.
8. If you're usually quiet, start talking dirty.
7. Explain exactly what you need and how to get you there.
6. Name a one-night ban, and work around the forbidden act.
5. Try something that's long been on your "maybe" list.
4. Quickies are great, but don't forget the foreplay.
3. Don't doubt yourself. Sexiness comes from within.
2. Shower together. Getting clean can be very dirty.
1. Make plans ahead of schedule, and look forward to the fun!





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KINKY FLORIST IS NO SHRINKING VIOLET!

# PENTHOUSE

JANUARY 2018

## VARIATIONS

S&M

### MORNING GLORY

SEX SLAVE GETS  
A SUNRISE SURPRISE

WIDE WORLD

### GLASS ACT

WINDOW WASHER  
PLAYS DIRTY

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HIGH HEEL FANS  
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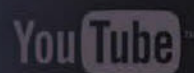
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# PENTHOUSE

## VARIATIONS



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# VARIATIONS

## EDITOR'S NOTE

**T**HE new year starts off with a bang at *Penthouse Variations*! We've rounded up a collection of kinky confessions from wild women eager to share their stories.

In this issue's "S&M Letters," daring dames spill all, describing bedroom bondage adventures, some wicked fun between lusty ladies and an office fling that would definitely get filed under "D" for dirty!

A pair of high heel fetishists pump up their passion with some special footwear in Amanda Reynolds' "Six-Inch-High Club," while Daphne Monroe's bondage story sees her find a dapper dominant who helps her fantasies blossom in "Hearts & Flowers."

Wide World of Variations wraps up this month's titillating tell-alls, with a thrilling cure for jet lag, a window washer who's a filthy flirt and a five-star fuck between frisky friends who record their hot hookup for posterity.

Do you have a torrid tale to tell? Send your sexy secrets to: [letters@penthouse.com](mailto:letters@penthouse.com).







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Skin Diamond by Steve Diet Goedde



### ❶ MORNING GLORY

Saturday morning was a typical weekend morning. And by “typical” I mean having a ball gag in my mouth, a pretty blue plug up my butt, and being cuffed facedown on my king-size bed as the shimmering rays of dawn streamed in through my window. Poetic? Maybe. Erotic? Definitely! That’s the position I was in, and my pussy couldn’t have been wetter. In fact, my entire body was primed and ready. Typical.

Some weekends, my husband and I have chores to do, or we find ourselves “tied up” with various obligations. But whenever we can, Matthew and I schedule a massively sexy S&M weekend that begins as soon as we leave our workweek behind on Friday evening and doesn’t end until the alarm blasts us awake on Monday morning. For as many of those hours as we can handle, we dedicate ourselves to our love affair with the kinkier side of sexual pleasure.

The night before, I’d tied Matthew up and performed a sexy striptease in front of him until his dick leaked pre-come and his eyes begged me for release. He hadn’t been able to ask me to take pity on him because of the gag in his mouth, but I had used my hand, sheathed in a velvet glove, to milk his cock to a glorious orgasm. The next morning was payback. My favorite kind of payback. I was completely at his mercy and loving every second of my helplessness.

My husband absolutely understood the state of anticipation I was in. I kept wriggling my hips on the mattress, insisting with my body that he take care of me. He was pretending he didn’t notice my desperation. At least, at first. Then he smacked my ass with his bare palm and told me to behave.

“Don’t make me get the paddle,” he cautioned.

“Make me” was the comical part of the statement. Cuffed as I was, I couldn’t

make him do anything.

“If you can’t stay still, I’m going to give you such a spanking,” he continued.

That sexy threat amped up my arousal even further. I like when he spansks my bottom—especially when I have a plug tucked between my rear cheeks. That naughty device intensifies my pain and my pleasure.

“If I have to get the paddle, I’m going to make you count each swat. You understand that, don’t you?”

*Promises, promises*, I thought. I was lucky the ball gag was in place. My mouth would have gotten me in even more trouble than my writhing body already had.

---

## “TO MY DELIGHT, RELIEF AND GREAT BLOSSOMING DESIRE, HE KISSED MY CLIT.”

---

Without the gag, I would have egged him on, been a brat, if only to force him to make good on his filthy promise.

“Now, let’s see if you can behave yourself,” Matthew said in a taunting tone. Then he was naked, standing in front of me, pulling away the gag and repositioning me so he could brush the bulbous head of his cock against my lips.

I opened up and stuck out my tongue, ready to tease him. That won me a shake of his head. He hadn’t told me I could lick him; he’d given no such order yet. The endorphins coursing through my body were clouding my judgment and making me impatient.

“Shall we try again?”

My whole body was trembling. I wanted

to try again. I wanted to show him I could behave. But I also wanted to fail and make him punish me.

I wondered which want would win out.

“Now, Candace, I’m going to place my cock against your lips.”

His voice was low and soothing as if he was trying to hypnotize me with its cadence. But I knew better than to relax. I had to be on my guard in these situations.

“See?” he continued. “That’s just the tip of my cock resting against your lips. But you’re not going to open your mouth until I give you the order.”

It was a mean trick. If I answered him verbally, I’d be failing him by opening my mouth to speak. So I shook my head instead. I hoped he’d accept a nonverbal response, which wasn’t always the case.

Matthew laughed in response, a low hungry sound, and then said, “Good girl. Now that you understand, we can move on. Part those pretty lips of yours and let me in. You’re going to make my cock nice and wet.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, and he thrust inward on my words. He lunged so quickly my mouth was full of dick in no time, and my pussy was tightening at the rude shock of it all. It turns me on to turn him on. I love sucking my husband’s cock, and I love it even more when he fucks my face and uses me for his satisfaction.

He’d told me what he expected of me, and I would not let him down. I used my lips and tongue to slicken up his dick, bobbing my head as he plunged his shaft in and out of my mouth.

I closed my eyes as I sucked him, reveling in the fact that my husband has such an enormous cock. He let me lick the head of it like a lolly before I took as much of his shaft into my mouth and throat as I could. Only when I had warmed and wet him entirely did he pull away.

I thought he would fuck me then, though I wasn’t sure where or how. I turned my head and saw him reach for the paddle. I shivered with an



intoxicating mix of fear and delight.

"Candace," he said, standing by my side, so I could lock eyes with him. "You have a choice. Either I can fuck you right now. Or I can spank you, and then tongue your pussy until you come. And then fuck you."

Oh, the choices were so delicious. Which route to take? I bit my lip and stared at the paddle. I really wanted his tongue on my clit, but I'd have to earn it by accepting his punishment. I looked at Matthew standing there with his rock-hard cock. I could feel how wet my pussy was without even touching myself. I replied, "Spank me."

"What was that?"

"I'd like a spanking, Sir," I said. "Please."

"I knew you'd want that. My bad girl will always choose to have a hot bottom—especially if it means her pussy will get eaten."

Matthew positioned me properly across his thighs, with my hands still cuffed behind my back. I could feel his hard-on pulsing beneath me as the spanking began. I love the sensation of his skin smacking against my skin, but I made the mistake, however, of moaning. It was clear to both of us that the pain of the spanking was also bringing me pleasure. That's when he introduced the paddle—to make a point, I think. He pressed the smooth surface to my already hot ass and said, "Ten, Candy. Count."

That shouldn't have been a difficult assignment. But then he wriggled the butt plug between my cheeks, and I almost climaxed right then. So when he landed the first blow, I still was lost in that dirty haze of bliss. I'd already forgotten what I was supposed to do.

"Candace..."

His tone itself was a stern enough warning.

"One!" I barked.

"Faster," he said, and then the next few spanks fell like rain. I was counting quickly with him, for him: "Two, three, four..."



He paused to play with the plug once more. I squeezed my eyes shut tightly and held my breath. Then he resumed the spanking, and I thought I might come by the time he'd reached eight, but I managed to hold off. Then he stopped again to pull out the plug. I felt my asshole spasming and clenching around nothing. The last two blows were the hardest ones yet.

"Nine! Ten!" I cried out. Then he was unfastening my cuffs and pushing me off his lap. He wanted me on my back. I wanted that, too. Because he'd promised—promised to use his tongue to get me off before he fucked me.

I didn't care that my ass was hot and throbbing. All I wanted was his tongue. His magic, knowledgeable tongue. He tied me to the bed, faceup and spread-eagle.

He knew the spanking had already set my orgasm in motion. I was teetering on the brink. But Matthew took his time, extending my anticipation—and my sweet torture. He got between my spread legs, and then did nothing. Absolutely nothing. I wanted his tongue on my clit. Or his fingers. I wanted something.

*Please, Matthew, I prayed silently. Something. Let me loose. Take me there!*

But he was in no rush. He parted my nether lips, and then to my delight, relief and great blossoming desire, he finally kissed my clit. That's all. A kiss. What might have been chaste on another day, or in another way, sparked my orgasm as if he'd struck a match. I would have held on to his shoulders if I hadn't been tied. I would have wrapped my thighs around him if I'd had the slack, but I didn't.

He began to make love to my pussy with his mouth. I beat my hips on the mattress. He repeatedly plunged his fingers inside my cunt while he suckled on my clit. I told him I couldn't hold on, a breath before I came for the second time, and then I creamed all over his face. After that he didn't go slowly. He was up and jamming his cock inside me. I think I was still coming. Or maybe he'd triggered a series of multiple orgasms—because it felt as if I kept climaxing during the whole ride.

"I love our S&M Saturdays and Sundays," Matthew said.

I looked over at the clock. It was only 10 a.m. We had the rest of the weekend to play.

**—C.R., Dallas, Texas**

# VARIATIONS

## ▾ S&M LETTERS



### ❶ HARDWARE

Maybe it was obvious what I was into by my purchases. I was buying rope, clothespins and rubber gloves. Perhaps to the average person, the items simply indicated I was on a cleaning spree. But the clerk kept eyeing me as she rang up my order. I suppose I didn't look like the type of woman to hang her own laundry.

"Not that many people buy clothespins," she said knowingly. Her blue eyes were boring into me.

"Is that right?" I responded nonchalantly.

She ogled my outfit. Unlike most of the customers at the hardware store, I wasn't wearing jeans or plaid. I had on leather pants and a black tank top under a black leather vest.

As she handed me my change, she leaned closer to ask, "What are you buying these for?"

I looked at her name tag, winked at her and handed over a card with my cell number.

"Call me if you want to know, Erin," I said. "My name's Liz, and I'd love to show you."

The truth was that I'd simply decided my kinky closet needed some new supplies. I hadn't expected a comely blonde to be

part of the bargain. But what a bonus!

By the time I'd returned home, she'd already left me a text. I responded with my address and a time, and then I went about setting up my bondage-themed bedroom. It's not a dungeon. It's more lavish than that, with plenty of velvet and purple. I was almost whistling to myself as I worked. The day had simply been about errands when I'd started. Suddenly, it became all about Erin.

When she arrived, I was all set. I still had on my leathers, and I was ready to play. She, however, seemed slightly nervous. I let her into my apartment, and I took in the fact that she'd changed her clothes, perhaps dressing to impress. She now wore a short black skirt and a tight red T-shirt. The outfit looked fine, but I was far more interested in seeing her naked.

"So you're into women," I said.

"Obviously—and leather," she answered, running a hand along my thigh, "and being tied down."

"You've been bound before?"

She nodded, and then licked her lips and said, "Once. Only once. And I never got it out of my system."

*Why would you want to?* I thought, and then I brought her to my bedroom. She sucked in her breath when she saw all of my playthings.

Then she asked: "Why a home-

improvement store? Why wouldn't you go to one of those...those sexy stores?"

I shrugged as I led her to the mattress. "I like the feel of real hardware," I said, indicating the eyebolts screwed into my wall.

"Hardware and soft women?" she queried with a grin. She whipped off her shirt and shimmied out of her skirt.

I had her bound to my bed with my new rope in no time flat.

"Were you shopping for someone special?" she asked as I worked.

"Yes—but I hadn't met her until I got to the register."

"What's next then?"

"The clothespins."

"Where?"

"Where do you think?"

She bit her lip and gave me the most innocent, wide-eyed expression. But I wasn't buying it. I could tell this girl had an adventurous streak to rival my own, and even if she hadn't put all of her kinky thoughts into action, she'd clearly had a lot of those thoughts.

How lucky I'd been to walk into that store and find her. Kindred spirits, we were.

She arched her back, and I pinched her nipples before attaching an old-fashioned clothespin to each. She made a sound under her breath that was like a moan meeting a groan that faded into a hum.

I tugged gently on the clips, and the hum grew in volume. I wanted to turn her dials even higher.

"You don't get to come until I give you permission," I said. "Do you understand?" She nodded.

I pressed my thumb against her clit, and she tried to raise her hips off the sheets. I slid on the rubber gloves, and her eyes grew wide with longing. I began to work her clit once more, rubbing it with tight, firm circles. Those beautiful lashes of hers fluttered, her eyes shut tight, and she went still. I wondered if she knew I was going to win this round. I'm exceptionally good at making women climax. I used her own



wetness to lubricate my fingers. Then I used one hand to play with her pussy and the other to tickle her asshole.

She wriggled as much as she could, given the ropes binding her to the bed. My thumb pressed into her rear hole, and she whimpered, "Oh, yes. Please. Do that."

"What?" I asked, cruelly stopping.

I knew what was making her squirm and what she wanted. But I needed to hear her tell me.

"Touch my asshole. Fuck my asshole with your thumb."

I did so more forcefully, never stopping the way I was petting her pussy and stimulating her clit. When she ultimately came, she seemed to vibrate all over with pleasure. It was a moment of pure beauty, her movements on the bed were like art to me.

I carefully removed the clothespins from her nipples, and I kissed and licked each nub. She was demolished, completely gone from the power of her orgasm...or so I'd thought.

As soon as I had untied her, she lifted the rope in her hands and looked at me with a question bright in her blue eyes.

"Your turn?"

I shot her a smile right back, and we switched places.

"But afterward, I'm going to punish you for coming without permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," the vixen replied with a

wicked smile and a sassy wink.

Sometimes you meet someone who will fulfill your fantasies while you fulfill hers.

And sometimes that connection occurs where you least expect it—like in the local hardware store!

—L.R., Cleveland, Ohio

## o "D" FOR DIRTY

Shuffling through the papers on my boss's desk, I groaned when I noticed the time. We'd had a busy week, so all the filing had been left for late on Friday night. I stuffed one letter into a manila folder, made photocopies of receipts, and tried to sort the piles in order to more easily organize them.

Filing aside, my boss is rather meticulous. We'd recently finished a major project, and the paperwork situation had gotten more out of hand than usual. When I pulled a glossy magazine from beneath a pile of folders, I sucked in my breath. Not out of relief, but out of surprise. What was that? A filthy fetish magazine?

*Why is this here? Because your boss is a kinky motherfucker,* I thought.

I opened it up, and my heart pounded. There was a picture of a woman wearing leather. Her lover was stroking her naked pussy with a purple flogger. Suddenly forgetting the time, I settled into my boss's chair and paged through the magazine slowly, reading the captions and looking at each dirty photograph.

For a second, I shut my eyes and imagined myself as the woman in the scene. I envisioned my handsome boss teasing me with a whip or tying my wrists together before working my pussy with his fingers and his tongue.

I know what I should have done. I should have locked the door before I started touching myself. Or I could have taken the magazine with me to the restroom and excused myself for a tiny bit of private time. But I didn't because my legs had gone weak with want, and my whole body refused to behave.

Of course, the door to the office opened and my boss walked in. I shoved the magazine under the blotter and did my best to staple an innocent look on my face. I failed. My cheeks were definitely

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**"SHE SEEMED  
TO VIBRATE  
WITH PLEASURE.  
IT WAS A  
MOMENT OF  
PURE BEAUTY."**

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# VARIATIONS

## ▾ S&M LETTERS



**“HE PRESSED HIS  
COCK RIGHT  
AGAINST MY  
CLIT. I BUCKED  
AND GROANED.”**

the color of cherries, and my pussy was as wet as a rain-soaked flower.

Mr. W didn't say a word. He shut the door behind him and looked me up and down. The filing was forgotten. The corner of the magazine could be seen from under the blotter. Would I say something or would he?

“You could file that under ‘B,’” he said.

“‘B?’” I stammered.

“For bondage and discipline.” I nodded, my fingers inching toward the publication. But then he said, “Or ‘S’ for S&M. Or ‘K’ for Kink...”

The more he talked, the wetter my pussy became. “Or you could open it up on the desk, and we could look at the pages together.”

I chose the last option. It sounded like the most fun.

Mr. W stood next to me, and we took in the pages together. The model in one set had hair that was dark like mine. But unlike me, she was entirely naked and bound with glistening silver chains. Like me, her pussy was very, very wet.

As my eyes lingered on her image, my boss said, “That’s one of my favorites, too.”

“What do you like about it?” I managed to ask.

“The look on her face. Doesn’t she seem...”

“Transported,” I finished for him.

“Would you like to be?”

I didn’t answer with words. I swept everything off his desk, and then I stripped off my clothes. He took off his tie and wrapped it around my wrists. We weren’t able to recreate any of the photos exactly, lacking the proper equipment. But it was thrilling just the same. He pinched my clit and nipped at my thighs before unbuckling his belt and opening his slacks. I watched, enthralled, as he freed his hard cock.

Mr. W lifted my discarded panties to his nose and breathed in deeply. Then he told me to open my mouth, and he had me bite down on the damp undies.

“Keep them like that,” he said, “to muffle your cries.”

In my head I was babbling about

wanting his dick in my pussy, but luckily, I had those panties in my mouth to keep me quiet.

Mr. W dragged his cock down the juicy seam between my pussy lips. I made a moaning sound that was only partially muffled by the panties. He pressed his cock right against my clit. I bucked and groaned. He backed away, and the look on his face made me want to work harder to stay quiet and still.

I’ve always done my best to give him what he needs on the job. I’d double my efforts for a fuck as sexy as this.

Finally, he let me feel his cock enter my hole. I held entirely still as he thrust his full length deep inside me. It was thrilling and filling. But I didn’t announce my overwhelming pleasure. I didn’t want to displease him with such disobedience.

Mr. W started to pound me. I pictured the woman in the magazine. In one of the shots, her cheeks had been bright pink and her eyes so wide and hungry. I had to guess I looked a lot like her—especially when my boss started to rub my clit in tandem with his thrusts.

This moment had been such a long time coming. Then I was coming, and so was he.

After that, we did our best to clean up and put ourselves back together. But we were pretty disheveled.

“Let’s continue this at my place,” he said. “I think we need to work extra hard to get the job done right.”

That sounded like Mr. W. Meticulous in all of his tasks. And I was right on board, as always.

**—M.M., Chicago, Illinois**

Do you have the kind of sex life that involves taking or giving orders as part of giving and receiving pleasure? Where being bound sets you free? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: [letters@penthouse.com](mailto:letters@penthouse.com).





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# SWITCH HITTERS

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, NELLA AND ZOE  
EXPLORE THEIR KINKY FANTASIES.















“ZOE IS MY MERCILESS MISTRESS—  
AND MY SEXIEST SLAVE.”

—NELLA







### THE SIX-INCH-HIGH CLUB

Amanda's hot new heels take her sex life to astonishing heights.

By Amanda Reynolds

**“Y**ou're not going to believe these shoes, Amanda,” Paul insisted as he walked me toward the store. “As soon as I saw these heels, I pictured you in them. Then I pictured you in them naked...and then, well, I had to bring you to see for yourself.”

There are high heels, and then there are towering skyscraper heels. I prefer the latter, the type of shoe that even people who aren't shoe fetishists will notice. A good, strong shoe can elevate a person's attitude, as well as altitude. High heels are magic. They can transform a simple outfit into runway-ready fashion. High heels can even make music—tapping out the rhythm of the wearer walking across a floor.

For me, heels are not only my signature, they're my *je ne sais quoi*—that little extra something that makes me who I am. I feel nude without them.

Paul had picked me up for a field trip of sorts during my lunch hour. I could get to the store and back to my office, without being late for work, he assured me. But I wanted to take enough time to appreciate the shoes he'd discovered, so a few extra minutes wouldn't matter to me. Paul knows my style. He understands I like my shoes to take me to the next level, where the air is thinner and the view spectacular. My chosen footwear sometimes raises an eyebrow, but I don't care. I can maneuver in the highest heels, all without a problem. Stairs. Escalators. Whatever. I'm a pro.

“What's so special about this pair?” I had to ask. I was so excited I wasn't walking. We were moving hurriedly, at almost a jog, as we headed toward the place.

“They're taller than your tallest heels,” he said. “You've never seen shoes like this before.”

I appreciated his enthusiasm, but I

wasn't so sure about that statement. I spend all of my free time adding to my collection. When I spot beauties in magazines, I head straight to high-end boutiques in search of them. Store owners know my name. Some even have me on speed dial to alert me to fabulous new arrivals.

We finally reached the store's window. Paul led me directly to the shoes in the

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**“I BREATHED IN DEEPLY, MY SENSES FLOATING ON THE HEADY SCENT OF LEATHER.”**

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center spotlight. My heart fluttered for a minute before beginning to beat even faster. Paul was right. I never should have doubted him! These were the shoes of my dirtiest dreams. In fact, I may not even have dared to dream of shoes like these. Everything about them lit me up.

They were black leather with small rhinestone-adorned buckles and peep-toes. But it was the heels themselves that made my pussy wet. Decorated with multicolored gems, the stiletto spikes were taller than those of any shoes I'd ever worn. I think my jaw hit my chest. I practically licked the plate glass window.

Without a doubt, I had to make these heels mine. We entered the store together, filled with anticipation.

Rarely do I lose my ability to speak in complete sentences. But I babbled something to the clerk about the shoes in the display and told him my size. Then I sank into one of the plush, velvety chairs and took off the heels I was already wearing. Anticipation beat through me like the finest aphrodisiac. Simply being in a shoe store can make my juices flow. I was actually a little concerned I might leave a wet spot on the fancy chair!

The clerk brought the box to me and unveiled the beauties I craved. The rustle of the crisp tissue paper in the box was like foreplay to me. I am always aroused by shoes, but this particular pair was drool-worthy. Paul took the box from the clerk, wanting to slide the shoes on me himself. Nobody touches my feet except my man.

For a second, I simply stared in awe. The craftsmanship that had gone into these shoes was sublime. But there's art and then there's function, and we had to see if the shoes fit. I bit my lip as Paul slipped one into place and buckled the rhinestone-studded strap at the ankle. I felt a sudden heat travel through me when his fingertips brushed my bare skin. I was glad to be sitting down. Paul gave me a wicked grin as he continued to secretly stroke my foot as he took more time than necessary to fasten the sparkling buckle.

I often wished shoe stores had private fitting rooms for fetishists like Paul and myself, and that day was definitely one of those times. The whole experience was making me dizzy with desire.

“You're the first,” the clerk said.

“The first?” I echoed through my haze.

“Woman to dare to try those.”

I shrugged in response, not surprised in the least. For a few seconds, I simply sat and stared at the shoes. Then I crossed





one leg over the other and looked at the way the heels made my slim feet appear even more elegant and delicate. The best shoes enhance the wearer, and these definitely did the trick. My polished toenails were on glorious display. I had chosen black polish for that week's pedicure. It was kismet.

Paul was still kneeling on the floor in front of me. He turned to look at the clerk, and then he cleared his throat and asked, "What other colors do they come in?"

The clerk ticked off the options: "Red. Gold. Silver."

"We'd like to see all of them."

The clerk headed to the rear of the store. There was nobody else in the place but us. As soon as the man's back was turned, Paul stroked his hand from the sole of the shoe all the way up to my inner thigh. I held myself totally still, my flesh tingling from his touch. His body blocked what we were doing from anyone who might have walked past the store outside. I heard the door to the stockroom open and snick shut as the clerk disappeared to fetch the footwear. Paul reached his hand farther still, his fingers fluttering over my panty-clad pussy. I sucked in my breath. Paul made a saucy spiral with his fingertips over my satin-covered slit. It was almost too much. I was lost in the aroma of the shoes all around us and the stunning new pair adorning my feet.

With the way Paul was gleefully rubbing my clit, I knew an orgasm was imminent. I only hoped the clerk would take his time gathering the additional pairs.

Paul pinched my nub through the filmy fabric, and I hissed through my teeth. I was on the edge. Almost there.

In the haze of my lust, I thought poor Paul deserved some attention, too. While he continued to caress my clit, I pressed the sole of one shoe against the crotch of his slacks and felt him push back. I rubbed my toe tip against his obvious bulge. I didn't think I could make him come in his pants. Paul has much more control than I do. He had a look on his face that I could easily read. Although he was aroused, he wouldn't be distracted. He wasn't going to stop touching me until I came. I shut my eyes for a second and breathed in deeply, my senses floating on the heady scent of leather. Paul slid his fingertips beneath my undies and stroked my naked clit. I came quietly, but powerfully. Paul removed his hand seconds before the clerk returned to us. The man had three more boxes in his hands. He didn't seem to notice anything untoward. He simply said, "Does madam like the way these fit? Can madam walk in them?"

The moment of truth had arrived. There was no point in waiting any longer. I wanted to see exactly how they felt when

I took a step. Some shoes are lovely to look at, but impractical for daily wear. But I've never met a pair I couldn't master, at least for a little while. Paul made a motion, as if to assist me. But I'm a big girl. I've been wearing sky-high heels for years. Sure, these were slightly taller than I was used to, but that was a challenge I was prepared to meet.

I stood, and I walked back and forth across the carpet. The clerk watched me. Paul watched me. I paraded in front of the men, demonstrating my prowess.

"Exactly how high are these heels?" I asked, because I was feeling a little taller than usual.

"Six inches," was the clerk's response.

Up until then, my tallest shoes had been 5.75 inches. These would be my first foray into six-inch heels. I wondered what else I might do for the first time in them.

I bought the black shoes and wore them out of the store after assuring the clerk I'd probably be back for the red ones, too. The whole world seemed different from six inches up. The small amount of additional height changed everything. As I strode down the street, I held myself even more erect than usual. My chin was high. My posture was perfect.

Paul pulled me close to him, and we walked down the street practically joined

# VARIATIONS

## ▸ FETISHISM

at the hip. In these heels, I was almost as tall as him.

As Paul and I walked side by side, an idea came to me, and I asked, "Do you remember our first time?"

"Definitely," he replied, his dark eyes shining.

We'd met in first class on a plane flying from London to New York. First, there had been joking, then kissing and finally stroking under our gray airline-issued blankets. Somewhere over the Atlantic, we'd headed to the restroom, separately to not arouse suspicion. While the other passengers in our cabin snoozed blissfully, Paul and I became members of the Mile-High Club.

I couldn't help but preen and prance in the shoes, noticing how their rhinestones glinted in the bright sunlight. The heels were making my whole body happy from head to toe.

"I was wondering if you'd want to join a new club," I said.

Paul paused long enough to look at me with his head cocked.

"I'm thinking about starting the Six-Inch-High Club."

"What happens in this club?"

I told him the first meeting would be held that night, at my apartment and he'd learn all about it then. It was time for me to get back to work, and Paul, too, even though what I really wanted to do was play hooky.

"Meet me at my place tonight—at seven," I insisted.

He shot me a curious look, but I refused to give him any other details. I shooed him back to work. Then I hurried into another store and bought myself a fancy pair of stockings that would perfectly complement the shoes. I simply couldn't resist.

Of course, everyone went nuts for my new shoes when I entered the office. The girls wanted to try them on, but I wouldn't let them. I loved the way I felt as I sashayed down the hallway. Every step made my pussy contract. Paul and I were

going to have such a hot time together—thanks to those shoes. It was all I could do to make it through the rest of the day, but somehow I did. Then I hurried home to get ready for my lover.

At the designated time, my doorbell rang. I gave myself a once-over in the mirror on the back of my closet door. Then I greeted Paul.

He seemed awestruck by my appearance. So awestruck, in fact, that he didn't dare step over the threshold. I had to reach out and forcibly pull him into my apartment. I guess his reaction was understandable. I wasn't wearing anything other than thigh-high stockings

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## **"HIS BIG HANDS CARESSING MY DELICATE SHOES MADE MY PUSSY DRIP."**

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and those utterly sexy high heels. I hadn't found an outfit that would truly do them justice.

"So is this the dress code for the club?"

"What do you think?" I asked, spinning in a circle so that he could take in the full effect of the stockings paired with the shoes.

Paul seemed to appreciate the look. In fact, after admiring me for a few seconds, he sank to the floor and caressed one of my feet.

"I couldn't do this at the store," he said, unbuttoning his slacks and freeing his cock. "I got you off, but there was no way for me to..."

"Release some steam?"

He nodded as he worked one hand on his dick and stroked my shoe with the other. I felt the same jolt I had in the store. A beam of pure fire traveled up my leg all the way to my core. I wondered if Paul knew he'd pressed my buttons just right or if he was lost in his own delicious fantasy world. It was difficult to tell.

Paul continued to touch the shoes with lustful admiration. He deserved to take his time after all the pleasure he'd brought me that day, to have a decent dose of foreplay himself. His fingers ran all over the straps and the heels. I held myself in check as he worshiped the workmanship and occasionally jerked his own dick. Then he lowered his face to the floor, getting even closer to my footwear and breathing in deeply. He was inhaling their exotic aroma. I understood this. As a fellow shoe fetishist, I know the appeal of the scent of leather. Then his mouth got into the act. He kissed the tips of my toes, then licked along the curve of my exposed ankle. He spent an equal amount of time on each foot.

The most beautiful part about his behavior was that every second he spent adoring my feet and shoes ramped my arousal even higher. We were two of a kind. A perfect pair. Only when he'd thoroughly inspected the shoes and admired my feet did he let his gaze travel upward once more.

"Walk for me," he begged. It wasn't a command; it was a strangled plea from a man driven by lust. "I want..." His voice trailed off.

"Yes, Paul?"

"I want to see you walk in those shoes. It's all I've been thinking about since you left me. All afternoon, all I could picture was you and those shoes. Striding in that insolent way you have. That walk of yours is too fucking sexy. And to see you nearly naked..."

I spun on my heel and strutted down the hallway. Every single step was pure, undiluted sex in motion. I knew my curvy ass was bouncing with each step, my





breast jostling as I negotiated the space at a confident clip. I wondered if the sound of the heels on the polished floor ricocheted through him the way the noise shot through me. The sensual beat. The rhythmic click and clack.

Paul followed close behind, and every step brought us closer to the bedroom—and closer to fucking.

I began to dream of what we'd look like when we were buckled together. I'd have the shoes on. He'd take me missionary style, so I could wrap my legs around his body, so he could feel the shoes pressed against his naked flesh. Or perhaps he'd want to see the shoes as well as feel them...

In the bedroom, Paul fondled my footwear once more. His big hands caressing my delicate shoes made my pussy drip. Breaking from him, I climbed onto the mattress. Paul was going to shoe-horn that fat prick of his into my slippery cunt, and then I was going to lace my legs around him and hold him tight.

When Paul undressed, I gazed at his cock. Maybe we were on our way to joining the Six-Inch-High Club, but my man is a member of the More-Than-Eight-Inches-Long Club. I couldn't wait to feel his huge cock pounding my

pussy. We always break in new shoes this way. But these were different. These were spectacular. They deserved something extra.

I was on my back, but instead of wrapping my legs around his waist, I rested my knees on his shoulders as he pressed into my pussy. Paul bent one of my legs so he could stroke my shoe while he fucked me. I am quite flexible, and I moved easily, understanding what he needed.

Paul shifted his attention back and forth, caressing my clit and then touching the shoe. He told me my heels had been the first thing he'd ever noticed about me. When we'd been seated side by side in the first-class compartment, he'd spied the glossy red sole of my heel, and he'd thought if the bottoms of my shoes were interesting, the rest of me likely was, too.

Now, he asked me to move once more, so he was on his back, and I was astride him. I was facing him again, straddling his hips and impaling myself on his substantial shaft. He looked into my eyes, and I felt our solid, sexy connection zing through my body from head to foot.

As Paul got closer to coming, he started to babble, telling me he could imagine me walking on him in the heels, how he could picture fucking me in every

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room of my apartment while I wore my stunning shoes.

We continually shifted our writhing bodies, each new position allowing him to gaze at the footwear from another angle, so he could worship both my heels and me. When he was on the verge of climaxing, I actually slid one of the heels off. He pressed the sexy shoe to his face and inhaled its intoxicating scent while he shot off inside me. He groaned as he lost his footing and fell fiercely into his orgasm. Paul trembled as pleasure raced through him before falling back onto the mattress.

How well matched we are—sole-loving soulmates.

So far, we've joined the Mile-High Club and the Six-Inch-High Club. I wonder where we'll travel in the future.

All I know is our adventures will be filled with fabulous fucking—every step of the way. ☺

### HEARTS & FLOWERS

When a dapper dominant enters her shop, Daphne realizes she's found the man who will make her fantasies blossom.

By Daphne Monroe

People always think it's ironic that a girl like me works at a flower store. I'm the least romantic chick you could find. Usually, 12 long-stems do nothing to make my heart beat faster. I prefer dark clubs to romantic restaurants and leather to the proverbial lace.

That doesn't mean I'm not successful at my job. The reason I took the position in the first place is that I have a knack for creating beautifully original arrangements, and I do enjoy providing customers with exactly what they want—sometimes even before they realize it themselves. I consider myself an artist. One who works with petals.

Over the years, I've developed a sixth sense for what will thrill my customers. My favorite game is to match the flower to a new buyer. Whenever the glass doors to the small shop swing open, I test myself. I'll look at an incoming woman and think: *She'll like mums and daffodils, with a sprig of Queen Anne lace*—the latter being a much prettier name than “wild carrot.” Or I'll see a hipster and know he's going to fall for the bachelor's buttons in blue, paired with bright red peonies. I'm rarely wrong. It's a gift.

I'll bet if you lined up 10 customers, I could correctly match the right flowers to each person.

When store traffic slows to a trickle, I water the potted plants and prune their hanging tendrils as my coworker, Cheryl, quizzes me about each person who walks past. On Friday morning, I sold some daisies—a birthday bouquet—but then the shop was quiet for a good, long while. That's when Cheryl started in.

“How about him?” Cheryl asked. “What would he choose?”

I immediately recognized the man slowing in front of the store. He'd walked by quite a bit recently but had never entered. He and I often made eye contact through the glass, and I was curious if we had a real connection—or if he was simply pausing to admire the blooms on display.

But on this day he entered, and my breath caught in my throat. He moved through the shop's selections with a seriously dominant air. He wore a

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**“HE DRAGGED THE ROSE OVER MY PUSSY. I HAD NO DOUBT I MADE THE PETALS WET.”**

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perfectly tailored suit and expensive-looking loafers. As he took in our inventory, I played my mental game. *Is he a hothouse orchid fan, or does he prefer elegant lilies?* I'll admit, for the first time ever, I was stumped.

There was something about his attitude that made me stand a little straighter as he fingered one of the fern fronds. Perhaps it was the inky blackness to his eyes or the clean line of his chiseled jaw. I chided myself mentally for developing a soft spot for someone who looked like the hero in a romance novel when I usually go for rebellious bad-boy types in leather.

No, there was something else about

him. Something special. An essence to the way he moved around the store as if he was in total control. As surreal as it sounds, I felt I could have been working for him or—more honestly—serving him. That thought made my pussy crazy wet. I had to get myself together. I focused on the items he was admiring. I almost approached him. I could hear my voice in my head asking if he would be interested in one of our potted peace lilies or perhaps a spider plant. But then he stopped, clearly finding what he was after.

I should have known. He was going for the gold: the top-of-the-line blood-red roses.

“Two dozen,” he said. I gave Cheryl a look that told her he was mine. I hurried to help him as she conveniently disappeared.

To know me is to know I speak my mind. I don't pussyfoot. Yet I found myself stammering as I spoke while I wrapped his blossoms in paper and ribbon. I wished I could have come up with a clever comment or two, but truthfully, my tongue failed me.

But it didn't matter how I behaved. He was buying roses for someone else. Some other woman who didn't know how lucky she was. I needed to keep my fantasies in check. That didn't seem to work, however. In my mind, I was on my knees in front of him, with my head bowed as he buckled a collar into place and told me to behave—which is why I was caught off-guard when he handed the flowers back to me.

“Did I do something wrong?” I asked, confused.

“I don't know,” he said, his dark eyes flashing at me. “Did you?”

There was another pause, and then





he leaned in even closer and murmured, "The question actually is: Would you like to? Does doing the wrong thing turn you on?"

Holy fuck. Had he said those words out loud? Or had I imagined the flirty dialogue to go with my X-rated fantasies? I cast wild glances around the store. Cheryl was outside fixing the specials on our sidewalk board, staying at a respectful distance.

He and I stood in silence for a moment, appraising each other. I tilted my head and then replied, "I mean"—I swallowed my nerves—"is there a problem with your order?"

"No," he said, "I'm perfect at ordering. How are you at following commands?"

That's when I understood he was trying to pick me up. My cheeks grew hot, and I feared I'd turned darker than the petals of the blossoms he'd bought. I said in a husky whisper, "Very good, Sir."

"Let's find out, shall we?" He paused then added, "Now, that we've planted the idea..."

We exchanged names and made a plan for him to pick me up after work. But before he left, he gave me my first assignment. He wanted me to have a safeword by the time I clocked out. Then he leaned across the counter, and he said, "And don't go touching yourself while you imagine what I'm going to do to you tonight."

He left without looking back. I stood there, as still as a statue, until I could safely catch my breath once more.

For the rest of the day, I thought up different possible words. I know a safeword can simply be a word. Like "aardvark" or "artichoke." But it can also represent who you are as a person. I arranged carnations and changed the water in the hydrangeas, but I was no longer paying attention to my current

surroundings. I've been with dominant men before. I understand the drill, but this situation felt different. This man had drenched my knickers with the way he'd simply stared at me. I wanted to give him something perfect. Something that let him know I was thoughtful.

I wrote myself a list on the pad by the cash register: tendril, stamen, petal, pollen, flora.

But every time I thought of a word, I thought of him doing something deliciously kinky to me. Then my brain would cloud over with the fantasy—perhaps of him cuffing my wrists over my head, or cutting my panties off me, or binding me to a bed with his own ties, like the black one he'd been wearing with his dark gray suit. One fantasy tripped into another until I found myself having to take a break in the back room, locking the door behind me so I could paw at myself.

Would he guess how sensitive my

# VARIATIONS

## ▾ BONDAGE



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**“HE RUBBED MY CLIT WITH HIS FINGERS AS HE CONTINUED TO THRUST INSIDE ME.”**

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but you're a bit of a rebel. Not a little mousy girl. But a woman with a strong core who simply gets off on being put in her place.”

He was eyeing my knee-high boots, patterned stockings and short skirt. I wondered if he'd made that judgment based on my attire alone.

I used the time to appraise him right back.

“You're a Type-A,” I said, thinking of how he'd insisted on picking out the flowers one by one. “And you like a girl with an edge. Not a pushover or a marshmallow.”

“A rose with thorns.”

And that's how we started.

“We'll go slow,” he continued, “until we know each other better.”

That sounded like a plan, but I didn't know if I could manage it. I didn't want slow. I wanted fast and hot and feral. He was chilly in the face of my inferno. Perhaps his icy quality would cool me down. We'd have to wait and see.

He undressed me and told me if I followed his rules, I would be rewarded. If I failed him, I'd be punished. Punishment may sometimes feel like a reward, but I should have faith in him. He knew what he was doing. Then he proved just that. He took me to his bedroom, and I saw he had leather cuffs attached to the four corners of the bed, and on the nightstand was a collection of paddles and crops. I

nipples are? Would he know I like the bite of cuffs on my wrists? I rubbed my clit through my panties, almost making myself climax before stopping suddenly.

He'd know. I was breaking his rules already, challenging him for no reason.

Well, it wasn't for no reason entirely. My pussy was aching. I was so turned on I could hardly withstand the distraction. I didn't think I could finish my workday, teetering on the brink of climax as I was. Besides, how could it hurt? He didn't know my tells yet. He couldn't possibly guess I'd made myself come in the back room.

He just would. He'd know the way I know what flowers someone is going to like. He'd figure it out because he was a true dominant male. He expected me to wait for him.

So I did.

I returned to the counter, and I doodled different words in fancy cursive on my notepad, then I drew a line through each one. I was in such a heightened state of erotic anticipation I hoped I wouldn't simply throw myself at his mercy when he came back. I could see that image, too: me on my knees directly in front of him, my hands feverishly working the buckle of his belt, my eyes huge and ravenous.

When he walked through the door right at five, he waited—and I knew what for.

“Thorns,” I said without hesitation, not giving a fig what Cheryl might think of the oddness of the conversation. It had been months since I'd been with a true dominant. My last relationship had been bittersweet. Intense sex, but no emotional connection. This man was sending spangles of desire shooting through my body, and he hadn't even touched me yet. But, oh, did I ever want him to do that.

“Thorns,” he repeated, and there was a hint of a smile on his lips, a crinkling around the corners of his eyes as if he was pleased with me. “That will work.”

There was no question about what we were going to do next. No need to sit through a dinner. No small talk required. I said good-bye to Cheryl, knowing she would grill me the next day about my evening's adventure.

At his place, he set my flowers in a vase. (I'd brought the bouquet along with me.)

Then he walked around me, checking me out from all angles. “So you're sexually submissive,” he said.

I nodded before quickly responded, “Yes, Sir.”

“And you live to serve in the bedroom,



sucked in my breath. Then I was on my knees, and he'd unfastened his slacks so I could suck his cock.

"Lips and tongue only," he said.

I obeyed, keeping my hands behind my back and quickly getting accustomed to the way his rod felt in my mouth. I was making love to his dick with my tongue, and I could feel my pussy getting wetter. I'd been aroused since he'd walked into the flower store. But by this point, I was positively dripping.

When he was ready to take our encounter to the next level, he pulled his cock from my lips and brought me to the bed, gently binding me in place. The leather against my wrists was soft. Next, came the ankle cuffs. These were thick and lined. Soon as he'd affixed them, I found myself in an "X" position.

Would he mark my spot?

Then he dangled a blindfold in front of me.

"Yes," I said quickly, nodding. "Yes, Sir."

I was blindfolded and bound, and then I felt something velvety running along my belly. He'd brought one of the roses into the bedroom. Its heady scent perfumed the air.

"I saw you," he said, and I wished I could look into his eyes, but the blindfold kept me in darkness. He dragged the rose over my naked pussy. I had no doubt I made the petals wet. There were no thorns on these stems. I had double checked myself before selling him the bouquet. Any spark of pain I received was going to be from him.

"Are you ready?" he asked. He was close to me. So close. Was he still dressed—or was he naked, too?

I wondered what he meant just as I felt something cold against me. Was it a chain? Then I felt the telltale metallic chill against my left nipple. It was a clamp. I love nipple clamps. "Yes, Sir," I said breathlessly. The words sounded so right on my lips.

He attached the clamps and then gave the chain between them a quick tug. It



# VARIATIONS

## ▾ BONDAGE

felt as if he'd actually flicked a fingertip against my clit. My entire being was pulsing with electric energy.

"I've been watching you," he said. "Whenever I walk past your store. You always have a way of moving, cat-like, and a way of looking up through your bangs. Very sexy...but also very submissive. And I thought we might connect well."

His body pressed against mine, warm and hard. He was indeed naked, and he let me feel his erect cock pressing

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**"ONLY WHEN MY CLIMAX HAD FULLY FLOWERED DID HE FILL ME WITH HIS SEED."**

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against my thigh. I sucked in my breath. I already knew he was hung from having had him in my mouth, and as he drew closer I realized I was in for quite a treat.

"When I see a girl, I try to imagine what she might be into, sexually," he said.

*Like me and the flowers*, I thought, feeling excited. *Me and the flowers, but kinkier*. I tried to tell him that. I said, "I do the same thing..."

"You see a man and wonder what he's like in bed?"

As he spoke, he moved directly over me, so I could feel his cock glide between my pussy lips, before he stimulated my clit with the head. I was finding it increasingly difficult to think, but I did my best.

"No, I see a man—or a woman—"

"Dirty girl."

I blushed. "And I think about what flowers or plants they might like."

"What did you think when you saw me?"

I felt my blush deepen.

"Truthfully, you confused me," I said. "I wasn't sure. I thought..."

He started to push his cock into me,

slowly, achingly slowly. My whole body was on high alert. I wanted him to move fast, but he seemed determined to take his time.

"I confused you," he prompted, tugging on the chain between my nipples and making me catch my breath. He was still confusing me, and he seemed determined to keep doing so.

"I thought you might be looking for a plant," I said.

I let out a gasp as his cock plunged deep and then slid back out of me at an agonizing pace.

"Long-term," he said, fucking me steadily. "Something to care for. To grow. That's about right. The roses were simply meant to get your attention."

"You did," I said, my words trailing off as I savored the sensation of his cock plunging in and out of my dripping snatch and his thumb teasing my clit.

Suddenly, I remembered how I'd touched myself in the back room. I wondered if he'd be able to guess that I'd disobeyed him.

As if he'd had the same thought I did—at the same moment it had occurred to me—he pulled away from me and I felt his nose tickling my fingertips.

I flinched guiltily, even though there was no way my scent could have remained on my fingers after so many hours.

He laughed at my reaction, and I knew right then that I'd given myself away.

"You *did* touch yourself."

"Yes," I told him, "but I didn't finish."

"What do you mean, 'finish'?"

"I was so turned on I couldn't help myself. I mean, I couldn't at first. I went to the backroom, and I started to play with myself while thinking of safewords and how you might react to each one."

I paused for a breath. I wondered if he was upset I'd disobeyed his first direct order. I wanted him to understand.

"So I did start to stroke my pussy," I admitted.

"I like the way you say 'pussy.'"

I smiled, wondering if he was even







paying attention to my story, or if he was simply focused on the way I said different dirty words. I decided to find out.

"I imagined you tying me down.

Spanking me. Fucking me."

"I like the way you say 'fucking.'"

I giggled—and I'm not the giggling type. This man was bringing out unusual and unexpected sides of me.

"You're in the back of the store, stroking your pretty pussy," he prompted helpfully, "imagining I might punish you."

This time, I was the one to interrupt: "I like the way you say 'punish.'"

The room got quiet. I could hear my heart pounding. I could hear a clock ticking. Then I could feel the change as he undid the bindings holding me in place and bent me over the side of the bed.

Seconds later, he pressed something

thin and firm against my backside and said, "This is my favorite crop. It's the one I've imagined using on you for weeks now. What do you think?"

"Yes, please," I said.

"How many strokes do you think you can take?"

I pictured the implement, and then I said, "One for every flower."

I hoped I could. I knew my safeword, and so did he. To my relief and excitement, he was completely in charge of my pain and pleasure. He let the crop land softly at first, then followed with a sterner stroke. He went back and forth between the two sensations until I had no idea what number we were at, but I was humming with pleasurable endorphins. He made the last blow count, and then he followed up his punishment by giving

me the pleasure of his cock.

I'd earned the bliss he brought me. He held my hips and pounded me with his cock. My ass was hot from the crop, but my whole body felt fluid and relaxed. I was as soft as a velvety rose, yet unwilted and blushingly beautiful.

He let me come first, like a gentleman, ensuring that I reached my peak before he met his. He rubbed my clit with his fingertips as he continued to thrust steadily inside me. Only when my climax had fully flowered did he groan and fill me with his seed.

Quickly, he took the clamps from my tits. When he pulled the blindfold from my eyes, the first thing I saw was the lone rose on the mattress in front of me. And I thought that in the future, we'd watch our garden of pain and pleasure bloom in a rainbow of colors. ☪



# VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

## THE CURE

Jet lag had turned me into a zombie. I was up in the middle of the night, unable to relax. I tried to will sleep to come for me. I tossed. I turned. No dice.

I'd read the advice for getting over jet lag: Immediately thrust yourself back into your normal schedule. If you arrive home at 8 a.m., have breakfast and go about your day. You might be more tired than usual when you hit the bed at night, but you'll be back to your old self in no time.

The problem was I arrived home at 10 p.m. Sleep, the article had advised. But how do you convince yourself to do that when your body thinks it's morning? It would have been so much easier for me to force myself through a day of work than a night of sleep.

First, I read in bed. Then I shut off the light. Nope. I was still wide awake. I fantasized about Tim, a handsome rep my company does business with from time to time. Inspired, I stroked my pussy until I came, then I rolled over and instructed my brain to turn off. Nothing happened.

Ultimately, I got out of bed and

attempted to distract myself, to make myself think of anything other than the fact that I couldn't drift off.

I unpacked my suitcases, and I caught up on correspondence. That's how Tim knew I was awake.

"Who emails at 2:30 in the morning?" came the immediate response to the memo I'd sent him.

"Look who's talking?" I responded. My goal had been to reach the bottom of my inbox by dawn. As I typed another email, a ding announced I had a new message. I checked. It was Tim again.

"I'm an insomniac," he wrote. "What's your excuse?"

"Jet lag. It's morning in Paris."

I thought that would be all, until my phone started to ring. Who calls someone at 2:30 in the morning? Tim.

"You're answering work email in the middle of the night."

"So are you," I shot back.

"I'd rather be doing something else," he said.

I closed my laptop so I could focus on the conversation. "Like?" I drawled.

I'd already come that night while thinking about him. Could I make it twice?

"You," he responded.

I shut my eyes for a moment and pictured my hunky acquaintance. I hadn't known he was into me, but I was thrilled that he'd made a move. He'd always been business first, buttoned up and professional in all of our interactions. What would he be like with his buttons undone? I licked my lips and then gave him my address.

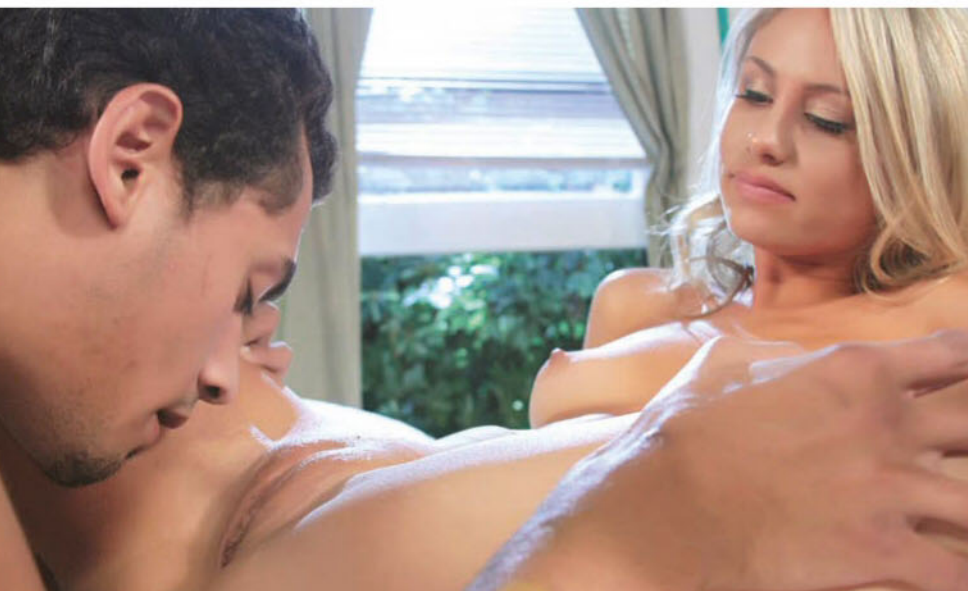
He arrived quickly, but my pussy had plenty of time to get wet for him. I answered the door in my nightie—this was clearly a booty call, after all—and Tim looked me up and down. His eyes locked on my breasts, then they drifted lower. I hoped he could see my pussy through the filmy fabric.

I briefly wondered if horniness was a secret symptom of jet lag. I drew Tim into the apartment, and he pressed me against the back of my door. I could feel how hard his cock was through his drawstring pants.

Tim kissed my neck and held my wrists together over my head with one hand. I arched against him as he reached beneath my nightgown and played the fingertips of his free hand over my shaved pussy. He lazily kissed his way down my neck, finding my breasts through the fabric, tugging on one nipple then the other. The sensation made me feel as if I were about to burst like the fireworks I'd seen exploding above the Eiffel Tower. I was desperate for him to continue, yet loathe for him to stop what he was doing. He seemed to understand, because he continued to kiss me, but at the same time, he parted my slippery pussy lips with his fingers.

I would not have been surprised if my juices were dripping into the palm of his hand. I could almost imagine my honey making rivulets down the insides of my thighs. I could not remember ever being that aroused.

"Oh, fuck," I whimpered as he thrust two fingers inside me. I wanted to feel his cock in me, but I also wanted his





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## “THE SENSATION MADE ME FEEL AS IF I WERE ABOUT TO BURST LIKE FIREWORKS.”

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tongue on my pussy and clit.

As those thoughts drifted through my head, Tim said, “I’ve always felt the best cure for jet lag was a solid fuck.”

“Really?” I was breathing hard, and the word came out as a breathy whisper.

“But then I think that’s a good cure for almost anything.”

His magic fingers were working inside me, stroking my inner walls. He’d released my wrists, and now I gripped his strong shoulders to stay upright, trying not to melt against him. I could hardly think. I was so far gone from his touch. But he seemed interested in keeping up the conversation, such as it was.

“So, what I’m going to do—just to help you out, you understand—is make you come on my fingers, and then my tongue, and then my cock.”

In fact, I came on his words right then, contracting around his digits as he plunged them in and out of me. Tim then lifted me up and cocked a brow at me. I pointed toward my bedroom. He carried me there and spread me out on the bed. I thought of Tim during our business meetings. He always did everything by the book, methodically ticking off items on his to-do list. Apparently, he was like that in the bedroom, too, but I appreciated his style just a little more in that locale. He’d already crossed one task off of his list. I knew what the next was: his lips on my clit until I shivered



through another climax.

I lay back in the bed and looked up at him, hoping I appeared hungry and not desperate. But I was desperate. Desperate for dick.

He didn’t ask me what I wanted. He climbed on the bed with me and began to stroke my body. I hummed and squirmed. *Lick me*, my body said. *Suck me*, my pussy yelled. He seemed to hear my silent urging. He moved between my thighs and started to tease my clitoris with his tongue. I ran my fingers through his hair as he moved a little higher. I shut my eyes when I felt his lips close around my jewel for the first time. I was thrilled,

and my moans told him so. My clit was large and swollen with need. He moved on the bed so I could reach his cock. I spit in my palm and began to stroke him, while he continued to work me.

I thought I knew where the situation was going to go, but he surprised me. Right as I hit my peak for the second time, he asked, “Do you have lube?”

I nodded and gestured toward the nightstand. The bottle was in plain view. He grabbed it, held it up and then looked at me. I heard his unspoken question—and I knew my answer.

“Yes,” I responded, rolling over on the bed and parting my ass cheeks for him.

# VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

**“I LET MYSELF GO, BEING LOUDER THAN I’D MEANT TO WHEN I CAME.”**

He poured a slippery river of lube between my cheeks. I got on my hands and knees, pushing my butt back toward him. I felt his cockhead push against my pucker.

Hours before, I’d been trying to sleep on the plane. A day before, I’d been walking along the Seine. Now, I was poised to take Tim’s cock in my ass.

“Are you ready?”

“Like you wouldn’t believe,” I said on a sigh.

He pressed a little harder, and I willed myself to relax. In no time, he was in—and in deep. I was being pummeled in the most delicious manner possible. I couldn’t even stay on my hands and knees. I let Tim drive me right into the mattress, and my hands gripped the sheets as he fucked me like a madman.

Tim held me steady as he pumped his hips, driving his dick in and out of my asshole. Then he reached beneath me to tug on my clit, working in time with the thrusts of his cock. I couldn’t think after that. I couldn’t speak. I simply came.

Tim followed a beat later, filling me up with his cream. Then he pulled out, and we lay back in the bed as he wrapped an arm around me. I could feel my heart beating fast, and I had to work to catch my breath.

Suddenly, I felt weary, and after so many restless hours, sleep finally found me. I knew my dreams would be about Tim, and I knew later on, he’d make each one come true.

—E.R., Newark, New Jersey



## GLASS ACT

Never had I imagined that I would find myself perched pantyleless on the edge of the porcelain sink in a bathroom in my office building—being fucked, to boot. But a bet’s a bet.

Let me backtrack for a moment. I was at a bar with my friends, and we were playing a drinking game. At some point, the betting took a turn for the outrageous. One of my friends said he would strip naked and play the piano with his dick if he lost. (He won.) Another said she would offer the bartender “Sex on the Beach”—in real life. (She lost. And won.) Then there was me. I’d been wordlessly flirting with the gorgeous window washer at my office building for months. He was as hot as fuck, and I couldn’t get him out of my mind. So I said that. I said I’d do the window washer. Then I failed to land the quarter in my shot glass, and everyone looked at me—shocked and amused.

Of course, the next day sobriety hit me as hard as my hangover. I didn’t think there was a chance anyone else would remember what had been said the night before. They were all pretty toasted. But the first text of the day let me know how wrong I was. No one had forgotten.

“Which day does the window washer ‘come?’” one coworker asked in a group text—complete with a variety of rude emojis.

“All bets are off,” I wrote back.

“Welcher,” typed another.

I couldn’t stand for that. I checked the calendar when I arrived at the office, and as luck would have it, the window washer was due to arrive the next day. So, all I had to do was figure out how to seduce him through the thick plate glass. Would it be hard? Would he?

I wore a leopard-print cardigan to work the next day and a tight-fitting black pencil skirt. All day long, I found myself gazing out the window. What time would he reach my floor? Would I be able to go through with my plan? How would I lure him inside?

“What’s with you?” asked Beth, one of my coworkers who wasn’t privy to my bawdy bet.

I turned pink. “What do you mean?”

“You’re off in the clouds today. I must have seen you gazing out the window at least 10 times.” That was when the pulleys brought the window washer to our floor. I made some excuse about having a lot on my mind, and I ushered Beth out of my office. Then, I locked the door, and I turned to face the washer. I’d heard his name was Joe. I knew he was



in his 20s. Someone had told me he was putting himself through college. I didn't care about any of that. His dark eyes and outrageous arm muscles had won me over. I spun my chair to face the window, and he gave me the smile he always did.

I started to unbutton my sweater.

His smile didn't fade. Nor did he look shocked or surprised. He simply didn't move. Not an inch. I worked one button at a time. Then I peeled off the sweater and stood, letting my breasts in their pink lacy bra jut directly at him.

He made a motion for me to continue. I unzipped my skirt and let it fall. I was in a matching bra and panties, and I was staring at my crush. He held up his phone and showed me his number. I moved close enough to read the display, then I dialed him. He answered immediately.

"Sexy girl," he said. "How are we going to get around these windows?"

"We're going to make a plan for when you get off," I said.

He raised his eyebrows at me. I hadn't realized my pun. That's when he took his dick out and started to jack it in his hand. I wondered if people in other buildings or offices were watching. But I didn't care. I jammed my hand into my panties and touched myself as he stroked his cock. I began to rub myself while he took in the sight of me. His hand was a blur on his erection. I shivered and came, and he did the same, shooting his semen all over the window. With a wink, he squeegeed the glass clean.

Then we were staring at each other, and I felt as if I hadn't remembered to breathe. He was still on the line, so I said, "There's a bathroom downstairs in the lobby. How long will it take you to get there?"

"I'm on my way," he replied, working the machinery and disappearing from my view.

I hurried from the office, making excuses to the front staff as I raced out. My sweater wasn't buttoned right, but so



what. My shoes could have been on the wrong feet, and I wouldn't have cared.

The bathroom I'd mentioned to Joe is at the back of the lobby. It's a unisex room with a single stall. I got there first and flipped the lock behind me, claiming the space. Joe knocked on the door softly a moment later, and I let him in. We didn't bother with words. He pulled my skirt to my hips, and I hopped up on the edge of the sink, having left my panties balled up in my desk drawer. Then he was in me with a grunt and a single thrust.

Joe rocked me hard. As I wrapped my legs around him, he told me my window had always been his favorite. I confessed I'd come to many happy fantasies of the two of us coming clean and hooking up. When he climaxed, he slid one hand between us so he could exert the perfect pressure on my clit. I let myself go, being louder than I'd meant to when I came, hoping nobody would figure out what we were doing together.

We hurried to redress after our midday tryst. I asked if he wanted to meet me for

# VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



drinks on Friday. His grin let me know it was a date.

I thought of the bet I'd made with my friends. I wasn't planning to announce that I'd made good on my dare. But when they see me on Joe's arm at happy hour, they'll figure it out.

**—R.R., New York, New York**

## ❶ FIVE-STAR FUCK

**T**here are friends who are just buddies. People who you've known for years, with whom you have no mutual attraction. They're your crew. Your team. Your mates. And then there are the friends who you would do in a New York minute if you could—but they're often hooked up when you're free, and

vice versa. Vic was one of those for me. Whenever I had cut myself loose from a relationship, he was blissfully entangled with someone new. When he was free, I was taken. It was uncanny. The romantic gods seemed to be laughing at us.

Until last week.

I'd heard that he and his latest had parted ways. My boyfriend and I had called it quits at nearly the same time. I needed to find a way to let Vic know I was his for the plucking. As that thought flickered through my mind, an invitation landed in my inbox. A mutual friend of mine and Vic's had decided to have an impromptu party. I checked the guest list. Yes! Vic would be there.

It was time for me to act.

The dress code for the evening said "party attire." Plenty vague, right? What one woman considered party attire, another might consider completely

inappropriate for anywhere outside of the bedroom. But the latter is the look I decided to adopt. All week long, I have to be corporate. For Friday night, I wanted to let go.

I went wild. I wore a teensy halter top studded with sparkling sequins. I paired the piece with a skirt so tiny it could have been mistaken for a sash. Honestly, I couldn't sit down in it without flashing everyone in sight.

I was single and feeling sassy. I wanted to have fun, and I wanted Vic.

He came up behind me and whistled. When I spun, I saw him giving me that look. I'd seen it before—that look of longing he'd cast at me when he was free, but I was not. Now, we were both available—according to the local grapevine—and from the look in his eyes, I guessed he was thinking the same thing.

"So, how attached are you?" he asked.

"Completely un," I answered.

"Good. Just wanted to make sure. And how attached are you to this party?"

"I'm not." I wasn't attached to anything at that point—except my desire for Vic.

"You want to skip this place and head to mine?"

"What took you so long to ask?"

We didn't go to his apartment right away. First, we spent a good, long while kissing in his car, his mouth on mine and his hand in my hair. His hunger was obvious and fed my own desire. We were ravenous for each other.

Vic reached under my top, and he started to play with my tits. I stroked one hand along his firm chest before reaching lower to cradle his dick through his jeans. Vic's dick—I was finally going to see it!

But not in the car. Driven as we were, we pulled ourselves together long enough to get to his pad. There was some groping along the way up the walk, and some kissing before he opened his front door, and then some pawing in the foyer. But we finally made our way to his bedroom and stripped in front of each other for the first time.



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## **“HE FUCKED ME ON THE BED, PINNING ME TO THE MATTRESS WITH HIS BODY.”**

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“Tell me what you want to do to me,” I begged him. “Tell me what you’ve dreamed about.”

“Everything,” he said. “I’ve wanted to fuck you for so long. I can’t even put it into words.”

“Try,” I whispered. “I want to hear.”

We climbed onto the bed. He was on his back and had me astride him with his stiff dick nestled inside my dripping cunt. I bounced up and down on his cock as he told me, “I would think about you with your boyfriend. I’d imagine what you might be doing with him, while I was with whoever I was with. I’d even fantasized about watching you—like through a window.”

I liked that idea. My pussy was positively gushing at his words. I had to admit I’d had some similar thoughts. I’d wondered how he liked to fuck his girlfriend, what positions were his favorites and how many times he would make her come. I’d also dreamed about fucking for an audience. I guess there was something in the way Vic had always watched me that turned me on. He made me feel naked even when I was dressed. He made me want to show off.

Now that I was naked for real—and fucking him for real—I had an idea.

“What if we made a movie?” I asked. I was hoarse with yearning, breathless with unrelenting desire.



“A movie?” he repeated, trailing his fingertips along my body.

“Then we could watch it, afterward. That would be hot.”

We parted just long enough for him to set up his phone to film us. Then we went at it. He fucked me on the bed, pinning me to the mattress with his body, rutting against me so hard I cried out with every thrust of his thick dick. Then we moved, so I was on top in a reverse cowgirl. I was extremely aware of the fact that every motion, every action, was being recorded. I played to the camera. I couldn’t help myself. I stroked Vic’s balls as I bounced up and down, making him groan. I licked my fingertips and massaged his sac with my slick digits. He called out my name and shot off deep inside me. Then he hooked his arms under my legs and pulled my hips up his body, turning cowgirl into a 69, and I licked the stray drops of his come from his cock while he tongue-fucked my drippy pussy until I creamed on his face.

Breathless and wrecked, we rolled away from each other, but I kept touching

him, unable to keep my hands off him. This was real. This was delicious. We were finally together—finally able to fuck the way we’d always wanted to.

And now we had it on video, recorded forever.

We watched the replay on the big screen in his living room, getting turned on all over again. At first, we pretended we were going to simply watch—as if we were possibly reviewers interested in critiquing the art of our actions.

Yeah, right.

Instead, we ended up fucking once more. But if I had reviewed our performance I’d have said it was a serious five-star fuck—and we were both eager to for the sequel.

**—A.J., San Diego, California**

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: Penthouse Variations, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: [letters@penthouse.com](mailto:letters@penthouse.com).

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**libido** | noun | li-bi-do

**1:** A person's desire to have sex.

**2:** Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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